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# The Critic

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# The Critic

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## Literature

### Spencer and Huxley on Evolution in Morals

*The Principles of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. Vol. I. 2. Negative Beneficence; and Positive Beneficence: being Parts V. and VI. [and Vol. III.] of Principles of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co. Evolution and Ethics. By Thomas Huxley. The Romanes Lecture, 1893. 60 cts. Macmillan & Co.*

THE TREATISE ON "The Principles of Ethics" constitutes the crown and completion of the immense task which Mr. Spencer set himself, thirty years ago, in the program of his "System of Synthetic Philosophy"—a work designed to be in ten volumes—to which he has since devoted himself with exemplary diligence and remarkable success, in spite of occasional interruptions from serious ill-health. This concluding treatise, which should have been contained in two volumes, has been extended to three, comprising six parts, entitled "The Data of Ethics," "The Inductions of Ethics," "The Ethics of Individual Life," "The Ethics of Social Life: Justice," "Negative Beneficence," and "Positive Beneficence." The second volume, on "Justice," has already been noticed in *The Critic*. The first and third volumes remain to be briefly characterized.

In Mr. Spencer's view, as expressed in his preface, his work on Ethics, composing these three volumes, is "the part of his task to which he regards all the preceding parts as subsidiary." That this view is a just one is a conclusion which hardly admits of question. As man is the highest being in animated nature, the laws which govern his conduct must be deemed the highest of all natural laws. In styling them natural laws, no opinion in regard to their origin is implied. As might be expected, this question as to the origin of the moral law is the first inquiry to which Mr. Spencer's treatise is devoted. And here we come upon a somewhat remarkable fact. The author, in his "Inductions of Ethics," frankly admits that in his first work, "Social Statics," he "espoused the doctrine of the intuitive moralists," who hold that "men have in common an innate perception of right and wrong." He is now satisfied that this view is erroneous, and that the consciousness of what is right and what is wrong is an evolution of human experience, to which the highest races of men have as yet only imperfectly attained. The acknowledgment of this and other changes in his conclusion does honor to Mr. Spencer's candor, though it certainly shakes somewhat the credit of his system, or rather perhaps, more strictly speaking, of his methods of reasoning at different periods. It is just to remember that when his treatise on "Social Statics" was published, his system of philosophy had not been fully reasoned out, and he could hardly have been expected to foresee from the beginning all the conclusions to which it would lead.

One is hardly less struck by the equally candid declaration made in the outset of his preface to his last volume. He there declares that his satisfaction in completing the latest parts of his work on Ethics "is somewhat dashed by the thought that these new parts fall short of expectation." His disappointment arises from the circumstance that the doctrine of evolution has not furnished guidance to the extent he had hoped. "Most of the conclusions (he tells us), drawn empirically, are such as right feelings, enlightened by cultivated intelligence, had already sufficed to establish. Beyond certain general sanctions indirectly referred to in the verification, there are only here and there, and more especially in the closing chapters, conclusions evolutionary in origin that are additional to, or different from, those which are current." This remarkable result is ascribed to the fact that the "right regulation of the actions of so complex a being as man, living under conditions so complex as those presented

by a society, evidently forms a subject-matter unlikely to admit of definite conclusions throughout its entire range." If we must accept this explanation, or rather this excuse, it remains, as Mr. Spencer himself admits, none the less unexpected and surprising. The doctrine, or rather the law, of evolution, which should be for modern science in general what the law of gravitation is for astronomy, fails us at the precise point where its application is most important. What would have been said if Newton or Laplace had calmly declared that the movements of the heavenly bodies were so complex as to be beyond the reach of computation and solution under the law of gravitation, and that he had consequently been unable to make any serious advance beyond the empirical conclusions of his predecessors?

In spite of the apparent drawback of this singular confession, it must be said that the three volumes devoted to ethics will probably be found among the most interesting and effective portions of the whole series. The conclusions of a reasoner so able and clear-headed as Mr. Spencer, embodying the rules of conduct derived from the collective experiences of earlier philosophers, and applying them to the circumstances of modern society, cannot but be of great educative value. The student will have no occasion to put aside his Epictetus or his "De Officiis." He will find their lessons generally elucidated and confirmed, sometimes judiciously modified, and seldom directly contradicted. Many readers will be pleased to note the persistence and effect with which the author brings the objectionable actions and practices of Christian nations and societies to the test of Christian doctrines, with the evident implication of the accordance of the latter with the laws of natural science. While there are some theoretical points in these volumes, about which there will be differences of opinion, their practical conclusions will doubtless meet with general acceptance. The third volume, in particular, devoted to the subject of beneficence, comprises a course of instructive lessons which, at the present time of many social perplexities, will be found worthy of special study.

Mr. Spencer's preface, in which he admits the insufficiency of the doctrine of evolution to solve the most important questions of ethics, is dated in April last. It is somewhat remarkable that, almost simultaneously, in the following month, appeared Prof. Huxley's "Romanes Lecture," entitled "Evolution and Ethics," which has excited considerable attention by the declaration, in his usual vigorous language, not merely of the insufficiency, but of the total inapplicability of the ordinary or "cosmic" law of evolution to the development of morality. He affirms that "the practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion, it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows," and so on. And we are told that "the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it." This, he informs us, for our relief, is what man is actually doing. "Fragile reed, as he may be, man, as Pascal says, is a thinking reed: there lies within him a fund of energy, operating intelligently and so far akin to that energy which pervades the universe, that it is competent to influence and modify the cosmic process."

If the eminent lecturer had not been determined, of course for a good purpose, to "startle and waylay" his hearers and readers, after his usual fashion, by one of those sudden sur-

prises which stimulate them to thought, he would, doubtless, simply have informed them that the antagonism between the "cosmic process" and the "ethical process" of evolution is only apparent, and that the latter is, in fact, merely a continuation and resultant of the former. He would have reminded them of the truth tersely and happily expressed in the Shakespearian apothegm, so well known as to have almost passed into a proverb:—"Nature is made better by no mean, but nature makes that mean." The "mean" by which the ancient natural law of the survival of the physically strongest (which was then the fittest) has been "made better," and is gradually changing to become in society the survival of the morally best, is simply the appearance of the human race on the world's stage. It is intelligible enough that the disposing power which is behind all natural law, the power to which philosophers and poets give the abstract and poetical name of "nature," had provided that with the appearance of self-conscious and reasoning man should commence a deflection in the course of natural law, from a wholly physical to a partly but steadily increasing moral direction; and yet the law would remain, in this new direction, just as natural and as "cosmic" as before. A river, turned aside from its original course by a mountain chain or a cataract's chasm, is the same river still.

The students of evolution need have little fear that their two greatest scientific authorities are "going back upon them." But if they should do so, their task will be taken up by others, and among them, it would appear, by the Rev. Henry Drummond, who has sounded enthusiastically the praises of the doctrine in an eloquent address—lately read before the Congress of Religions at Chicago,—in which he affirms that "Darwin's great discovery, *i.e.*, the discovery which he brought into prominence, is the same as that of Galileo—that the world moves. The Italian prophet says it moves from west to east. The English philosopher says it moves from low to high." "Evolution," the preacher adds, "is less a doctrine than a light; and it is a light in which 'men begin to see an undivided ethical purpose in the material world.' This latter sentence may be said to sum up the main purpose and result of the 'System of Synthetic Philosophy,' as the author himself, in his latest treatise, has definitely announced it.

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the Parian Chronicle, the rock-writing of Darius. Then followed bark (*liber*), beech-pith (*book*), sawn-boards (*codex*), papyrus (*charta*), parchment (from *Pergamus*), vellum (calf's intestines), and so on, as materials for MSS., books shaping themselves in squares (*codices*), or cylinders (*volumina*), or other forms, according to the exigencies of the case. Mr. Madan dates the oldest writing in the world on stone, wood, papyrus or parchment 4000 B.C.—an inscription in Egyptian hieroglyphics now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The oldest piece of literary composition known is the celebrated Papyrus Prisse of the Louvre, which contains 18 pages of hieratic writing ascribed to the year 2500 B.C. Then comes a curse in Greek of 280–270 B.C., on a Vienna papyrus; followed, in 55 A.D., by a Latin receipt on a waxen tablet found at Pompeii in 1875. Interesting accounts follow of other famous MSS., such as the Codex Sinaiticus, the Book of Kells, Alcuin's Bible, the Old English Chronicle and the Cædmon and Beowulf MSS. The scribes were often jolly if not free-tongued fellows, one of whom winds up his task with the following:—

"Nunc scripsi totum: pro Christo da mihi potum!"

Mr. Madan and his colleagues are doing excellent work in this series of painstaking hand-books. In the words of one of the scribes,

"Pennam scribentis benedicat lingua legentis!"

#### "The Maxims and Reflections of Goethe"

Translated by Bailey Saunders. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.

THE QUINTESENCE of a great man's wisdom is often contained not in the main body of his work, but in one corner of it, in the seed-bed, where his thought may be seen germinating. Richter said that Shakespeare's

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep"

created whole books in him. All his life, Goethe had been cultivating these little seed-beds of thought. These forcing-grounds he called "*Sprüche*," the first-fruits of which found their way into publicity in 1809, when Goethe was over sixty years of age. The poet hoarded his thought as carefully as a miser hoards his wealth, garnering up his distilled wisdom and clarified commonsense, and giving them forth in his novels as occasion required. In this way "*Wahlverwandtschaften*" and "*Wilhelm Meister*" (1809, 1821 and 1829) became embellished with the treasures of maxims which Von Loeper published in Berlin in 1870, as "*Sprüche in Prosa*," and which Mr. Saunders has made the foundation of his translations.

Proverbial philosophy has always flourished, from the Proverbs of Solomon to the Adages of Erasmus, and from the scintillations of Pascal, La Bruyère and La Rochefoucauld, to the tinklings and *finlamarre* of Tupper. The ooings of thought, the emanations of a busy brain have thus often assumed the crystalline form of epigram memorable for beauty or for weight. Goethe lacked the clear-cut precision of the French adage-writers; he lacked the sting and flash of the Dutchman Erasmus, who wrote on the soul with a stencil of diamond; indeed, one may say that he did not set out to write maxims at all, which might be defined as "maximums of thought in minimums of expressions." His wisdom is too serene ever to be swift or sententious. In Mr. Saunders's excellent selection, in which he has been aided by Prof. Huxley and Sir Frederick Leighton, the movement is slow but profound, critical rather than keen, literary rather than proverbial. Among nearly six hundred maxims there is hardly one that glitters. They range over the whole domain of literature, art, science, ethics and life, and are aptly called reflections, for a more ambitious appellation would entirely deceive the reader and give a false idea of their breadth and profundity.

Novalis lends himself wonderfully to the isolated thought, the mystic abbreviation which reveals, by an instantaneous intuition, what lies upon the soul; Goethe less well, because



Goethe was always explaining and expounding—a habit fatal to adage or epigram. Of the maxims before us, many run to nearly half a page in length, and are inordinately expansive and explanatory. Not all are so curt and impressive as the following:—"Clever people are the best encyclopædia." "The errors of a man are what make him really lovable." "Of all peoples, the Greeks have dreamt the dream of life the best." "There is no use in reproving vulgarity, for it never changes." "It is a terrible thing for an eminent man to be gloried in by fools." "By nothing do men show their character more than by the things they laugh at." "Ignorant people raise questions which were answered by the wise thousands of years ago."

#### "Factors in American Civilization"

Brooklyn Ethical Association. D. Appleton & Co.

THE SERIES of lectures delivered last winter before the Brooklyn Ethical Association have been published in a volume entitled "Factors in American Civilization." The several papers that make up the volume are by various authors, and treat of various aspects of our national life. They are of the same general character as those in previous volumes emanating from the Association; though some of them are not equal in clearness of style to most of those in the earlier volumes. They may be divided into two classes: those that deal with certain general features and agencies of civilization, and those devoted to some specific problem of political or social life. The most general as well as most theoretical in character are the opening one on "The Nation: Its Place in Civilization," by Charles De Garmo, and the closing one, by Edward P. Powell, on "The Philosophy of History." Mr. De Garmo, we think, while presenting much that is sound and good, tends to overrate the importance of the State as a factor in civilization; while Mr. Powell, like most writers on his theme, fails to make good his claim that history is a science. Mr. John C. Kimball treats of the "Natural Factors in American Civilization," and rivals Buckle in the exaggerated importance he attaches to physical agencies in promoting human progress. Mr. A. Emerson Palmer shows what elements of her political and industrial life America owes to the Old World; and Mr. Lewis G. Jones shows the relation of the wars in which we have been engaged to our national life and civilization. The remaining lectures relate to various special topics, such as interstate and foreign commerce, the position of women, the labor question and others, which we have no space to discuss. The lectures, when delivered, were followed by debates on the subjects treated, and the remarks of the various speakers, although not reported at length, are often as suggestive as the lectures themselves. We are obliged to say, however, that there are some serious deficiencies in this book, considered as a review of the factors in American civilization. Nothing is said about religion or literature in their bearing on American life, nothing about the progress of science and philosophy, nothing even about education in the ordinary sense of the term. In other words, the material and political factors only are considered, and the spiritual ones overlooked; and this, in a course of lectures before an ethical association, is a rather serious defect.

#### "Letters to Dead Authors"

By Andrew Lang. Cameo Edition. With Four Additional Letters. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE LUCIANESQUE GENIUS of Mr. Lang has never revealed itself more charmingly or more whimsically than in the six-and-twenty *epistolæ ad mortuos* which compose this dainty collection. His correspondents are of course only of the most elect spirits, the very *élite* of historic and pre-historic times, beginning with Thackeray and ending with Pepys and Homer. The moods in which he addresses the sprites of the Plutonian shore are as varied as the strings on Æolus's harp—mirthful, musical, poetical, satiric, vindictive, sceptical,—combining at the last, however, in a very delightful polychrome of tone and color very characteristic of the many-sided author.

There is a little bit too much *tutoiement* in this gossiping correspondence, to be sure, and the Scotch Lucian, though he corrects Matthew Arnold's and Mr. Woodberry's grammar (pp. 130, 220), slips in the thicket of *thees* and *thous* into grammatical impossibilities himself (pp. 125, 205); yet the "gentle reader" can easily forgive this in the pleasure of perusing such "appreciations" as the letters to Horace and Molière, to Theocritus, Shelley and Poe. The four additional letters which justify this new edition are each admirable in its kind, in fact exquisite if we confine the adjective to the letter to Homer. This is one of the loveliest tidbits we have ever read, quite equal to the "Shelley" or the "Theocritus" and quite justificatory of Mr. Lang's passion for the ancients, which is as potent as his passion for satire. There is a rare quality in his admiration; it is so inclusive, so comprehensive; while his venom is not even redeemed, like the Sardinian honey, by a little sweetness. How fascinating a book could Mr. Lang write on the neglected Greeks and the despised Romans if he would take up the subject systematically, like the late John Addington Symonds, and pour forth his abundant learning and sprightly fancy for the benefit of the outside world! How infinitely preferable such a book to all the tiresome treatises on folk-lore or "psychic research" which he is flattered into editing for "The Society of the Unintelligible"! Literature would thank him a thousand times for such a work, while the other task is absolutely thankless.

The letter to "Maister John Knox," in the present volume, is a formidable arraignment of that divine for all the sins in the Decalogue: an unlovely beast, in Mr. Lang's estimation. The Rev. Increase Mather is quizzically addressed in another communication on ghosts and apparitions and damned sprites, and the book ends with a genial note to Old Pepys, whose cypher diary has been decyphered and all his privacies and peculiarities laid open to the gaping public. "L'homme est un méchant animal," wrote an old Frenchman; but even Pepys's *méchanceté* can be tipped over into oblivion, if it is dressed in so enchanting a form as this old rake of the Restoration knew how to give it.

#### "The Pursuit of Happiness"

By Daniel G. Brinton. Philadelphia: David McKay.

DR. BRINTON turns aside for a while from his ethnological studies, to discourse upon a theme in which everybody finds peculiar attractions. And, as is his wont, he treats it in a most systematic and thorough manner. In his hands the hackneyed subject takes on new vitality, and the reader is surprised and charmed by the freshness and spirit of its presentation. The author starts out with the query whether the quest after happiness is a vain one or not, or if, indeed, the pursuit be worthy of rational beings. Agreeing with the poet of Twickenham that it is life's end and aim,

"That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,  
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,"—

he next seeks for a definition of happiness, and concludes that it is "an increasing consciousness of self," and that both pleasure and pain enter into its composition. It is not the nirvana of the Buddhist, nor the peace of the Christian, nor the tranquility and content of the Quietist. The avoidance of pain is the lowest of its forms, scarcely deserving a place even there. Self-abnegation, the repression of longing, the minimization of wants—these are false views. "The truer doctrine is that happiness is expansion and growth, the enriching of our natures by manifold experiences"—not always pleasurable—"and the securing this by the multiplication of our desires."

The distribution of happiness is next considered, and its relation to civilization, social usages, sex and age. Women have less than men, childhood and youth are not the happiest periods of life, nor does human enjoyment increase with the refinement of society. These preliminaries having been settled, the author comes to the most important part of his work—the ways and means of securing the desired possession, dis-

cussing them under three heads: how far our happiness depends on nature and fate, how far on ourselves, and how far on others. The first has to do with our bodily and mental constitutions, our physical surroundings, and luck, and includes an examination of such topics as heredity, beauty, temperament, clothing, houses, and calculation of chances. The second is concerned with occupations, money-making, pleasures derivable from the senses, emotions and intellect, the effect of the religious sentiment, and the cultivation of individuality. The third treats of liberty, education, benevolence, morality, business and social relations, friendship, love, marriage and the family. Then follow, in conclusion, some thoughts on the consolations of affliction.

This hasty outline will indicate the scope of the treatise, but can give no idea of its manifold merits—the sprightliness, humor, clearness of statement, commonsense and suggestiveness which characterize every chapter. At the end of each section are aphorisms applicable to the subject just discoursed upon, such as these:—"Be sure that the man who boasts of a hundred friends has none." "True love is love of love; not love of the pleasures of love." "If we would only see it, there is a humorous side to nearly every occurrence; and if we did see it, what a preservative from despondency it would be!" "The honey of life can only be had at the expense of some stings in its collection." "Do not starve your horse to save your hay." "A man weeps for the lost loved one; a woman for the lost love." "If we understood death, we should no longer care for life." Dr. Brinton may felicitate himself on having produced a book that affords pleasure in the perusal, and by its wise counsels must add largely to the happiness of those who not only read it but heed it.

#### Fiction

"I HAVE A FANCY that poets consume their adorers by showing themselves to them—as the gods burnt up Semele. I flatter myself there is a good simile made of Semele," said Lowell in one of his lately published letters. Tasting the art to relish the wisdom of this remark, we may be excused for applying its force to Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's new book of stories. Few will deny that the poet of the volume entitled "The Sisters' Tragedy" and the later lyrics which have coruscated from out of the milky-way of magazine verse is, to say the least, the most polished and graceful of living writers of verse in America. So it is with regret that we contemplate his name on a title-page the fulfilment of whose promise could give satisfaction only *virginibus puerisque*. We do not forget the fame of "Marjorie Daw" and would welcome the lively frivolity of these new tales collected under the title "Two Bites at a Cherry" if they only belonged to the same period. But as the poet is stronger, more true and more tender now, the demand upon his dignity is greater, and, in young Marlowe's phrase, once he has nicked seven, he cannot afford to throw ames-ace thereafter. With heartfelt respect let us beg Mr. Aldrich once more to contemplate the career of his beloved master, Alfred Tennyson, who died as he lived, serenely above the strife of striplings—a true seer. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MR. F. ANSTEV, with the benign aid of Mr. Punch, has disobeyed Shelley's injunction and lifted "the painted veil which those who live call life"; and the British public—"ce peuple pudibond par excellence"—have found the witty rehearsal of their melancholy pleasures amusing; much as Mr. Thackeray liked to tell of the weebegone face which struck him in a crowded room in Paris, and turned out to be his own reflection in a mirror. "The Man from Blankley's" is quite as good as any of the same author's "Voices Populi," although neither Mr. Anstev nor his illustrator, Bernard Partridge, wears his humor with a difference. We are conscious of having laughed at these situations before, but he who takes up this latest volume to make acquaintance with its matter and manner is sure of a treat. To him we recommend "The Man from Blankley's" without reserve. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—DR. CONAN DOYLE has a *penchant* for crime. We do not mean by this statement in any way to impugn the social reputation of that respectable author, but unless he is pursuing the study of that modern science which is called penology, his associations, to say the least, have been peculiar. It was Dr. Doyle who introduced us to Sherlock Holmes, the detective, and now it is Dr. Doyle who introduces "My Friend the Murderer." In the most sensational of newspapers there are not more horrors than in this book, wherein a dozen tales of desperate deeds of the nineteenth century are told

with varying dramatic art. There be those who enjoy this kind of literature, of course; but if Dr. Doyle is to thrill us at our firesides with his knowledge of murder and rapine, we would not choose the bushranger Maloney as the instrument and the interior of Australia as the scene of our sensations. We confess to a preference for the gentle-spoken Sir Nigel Loring and the gallant White Company set in an antique *milieu*. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

OUT OF ONE OF THOSE interminable Chinese novels, which lie heap upon heap in teak or camphor-wood libraries of the Middle Kingdom, has been taken, as from a field, this sheaf of "Chinese Nights' Entertainments," by Adele M. Fielde. They number as many as the thieves in Ali Baba's story, and are as full of genuine Chinese suggestion or flavor as a willow-pattern plate or a li-chee nut. The colossal work of fiction is called "The Strayed Arrow." The sub-stories—or extracts, so to speak—are delicious bits of folk-lore, as in "the origin of ants," hits at the follies of human nature, satire on the customs of the land of Sinim, glorification of the ancient fashions of Ta Tsing Koku, or exposures of official dishonesty. Some of the stories take us into the homes of Cathay and show how match-makers and go-betweens illustrate the fact that dog eats dog. The experiences of hump-backed groom and hare-lipped bride prove that the proverb of diamond cut diamond is well understood among the cream-faced and almond-eyed folk. We can heartily praise not only the text but the illustrations also, prepared under the direction of the author (or translator?) by native artists in the school of the celebrated painter, Go Leng, at Swatow. These are well reproduced; and they afford the student of Chinese art great aid in interpretation. Bound in imperial yellow, decorated on the cover with the device of a green dragon spitting out silver-fire, and stamped with a native motto (that has turned somersault in the bindery and landed topsy-turvy—no fault of the translator's, let us hope!) the book is sure of a welcome in these days which are so near Christmas. It is not often that one finds a book which gives so full a feast of genuine Chinese popular literature. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

MR. ROBERT GRANT is a lawyer—nay, he has lately been made a judge; yet he has written books which cannot have advanced his reputation in the Court House that once sheltered the Mansfield of American law—the revered Shaw, C. J. But as the dignity of that last-named worthy has survived his appearance on the Bench in a rocking-chair, so we can expect no impeachment to follow Mr. Grant's recent confession that he considers his best work to lie in "The Opinions of a Philosopher." We agree with him that it is an entertaining book. One does not find the critique of Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza or Kant, perhaps, that might be expected from such a title and a Boston *venue*; and in reading, one perhaps remembers the story of the landlord of a seaside hotel who admonished a guest that he must not go into the water after a hearty meal. "Where am I to go after it, then?" replied the guest; "I can't get it at your hotel." But this is flippant, and Mr. Grant is not. He is a more satisfactory host than the one cited, and moreover his wit is lambent. We extend to him the assurance of our most distinguished consideration. May his judicial opinions be as agreeable to the Bar which practices before him as his philosophic opinions have been to us. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"ASHES OF ROSES" is the title of a daintily printed book bound in rose-color, stamped with silver, and containing an incident rather than a story. The author is Louise Knight Wheatley. A young girl from New England visits relatives in the South and in Prairie City attends a New Year's party. Although a wall-flower, she so far avails herself of leap-year privileges as to invite a white-haired old gentleman to dance with her. But seventeen years old, our heroine is named Ruth Penrose and is the fourth of that name, and therefore considers that it behooves her to be pure and unspotted from the world, especially as the blood of Jonathan Edwards courses in her veins. The story, with its unsolved mystery, turns on the possibility of her engagement to the white-haired old gentleman who in his youth may have known her great-grandmother. He sends to the young girl who tells the story a box of violets, beneath which is a mirror in which she sees her own lovely face. Unfortunately for the man in the winter of life, the maid of April is engaged to be married to another man; and this fact, when revealed to the possible octogenarian, bleaches his hair to a still whiter hue. Both tell their own story, and the young girl is sorry for the old man; but what the mystery of his love-life was is not disclosed. After her marriage Ruth writes out the incident and its circumstances and sequel. Thus the light and airy story, if indeed it be a story, concludes. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—"DOROTHY THE PURITAN," by Augusta Campbell Watson, is a tragic little story of love and witchcraft in the old Salem days. The book has interest, but in spite of that, few readers will be blind to this com-



aideration: it is one thing to steep oneself in the manners and customs of a bygone day, and upon this lore to superimpose a story; it is another thing, vastly different and far more difficult, to write a historical novel or novelette, in which the characters shall themselves reveal and explain the historical setting, thereby making the background a component part of the story. In Miss (?) Watson's book there is plenty of local coloring and historical information, but most of it might be relegated to footnotes without injury to the narrative. The writer has told us about the old times; she has not projected herself into the times themselves. But it would be unfair not to add that, granted the point of view, the work has been faithfully done. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

IT IS A VALID EXCUSE that Mr. H. C. Bunner makes for the unusual treatment to which he has subjected some stories of the late Guy de Maupassant. It is true, as a rule, that the closer a translation, the worse it is, and the more useless—except, perhaps, to those who may be trying to read the original. And the better your original, the more desirable it is to paraphrase, adapt, abridge, expand—transform it, in short—rather than translate it. The paradox is an old one, but unlike most paradoxes, in that few have acted on it; and Mr. Bunner deserves credit for his boldness. He has performed the miracle of changing Maupassant's French wine into honest American vinegar, which is much better than spoiling it and then giving it out as simon-pure claret. "Made in France," then, were the original stories of which Mr. Bunner has given us Americanized versions. The best, in their present dress, are those that have been most thoroughly made over. "Tony," for instance, with which the book begins, is hardly to be distinguished from a translation. It is the echo of a laugh—a hollow mockery. But there has been some very skillful work done on the tale of "A Capture." It has a rasping humor in the original which has been toned down, to the gain of the English reader. "Father Dominick's Convert" is a tale that has been completely refitted, like Father Dominick's church, and by a hand as clever, but, we fear, as unholy. In short, the less of Maupassant and of France, the more of New York and of Bunner, the better we like the resulting compound. There are ten tales in all, and they are humorously illustrated by C. J. Taylor. (Keppler & Schwarzmann.)

"MARKED PERSONAL," by Anna Katherine Green, is a rather cleverly constructed tale of revenge. A party of gold prospectors are overtaken by snow, sickness and hunger. Two of the number murder a boy for the bread which he is saving for his sick father. They are condemned by the rest to suffer any punishment that the father of the boy chooses to impose on them, but in consideration of their sharing with him the produce of a discovery of the precious metal which they have made, he postpones his revenge for a period of twelve years. At the end of that time, they each receive a card (marked "personal"), directing them where to meet the avenger; but the latter fails by a minute or so to keep the appointment, being delayed in consequence of the New York riots of 1863. On the next occasion, however, each falls a victim to the very means he has taken to avoid the danger. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—IT IS A MOCK MODESTY of Mr. Waldron Kintzing Post to say of his "Harvard Stories" that he does not expect any one to be interested in them who is not interested in the scenes where they are laid. Who should such a person be? Who is it that is not interested in Harvard, her Annex, and her greater annex, Boston? Moreover, the tales are very good, even apart from their scenes. Jack Rattleton and his dog Blathers, the seventeen Mrs. Tremonts of Marconwealth Street, Sergeant Bullam and the barber-pole, have a cheerfully extravagant air as though they had come to Harvard from all ends of the country, and had grown on the way. It may very well be so, as Mr. Post disclaims originality—except, we suppose, as to the manner of telling his tales, which is worthy of the matter. There is also a farce, which we dare say is wholly original. As for the tragic-comedy at the end, the italics and the footnote come in with telling effect and make it all right. We are confident that the stories will amuse any reader that deserves to be amused. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

WE HAVE READ, and we hope to read, better novels by Mr. Walter Besant than "The Rebel Queen." A rich Jewess quarrels with her husband on the question of the obedience which he exacts, according to the Jewish law. He departs for the desert, and Mme. Elveda becomes leader of a woman's-rights movement. The husband, Emanuel Elveda, who is a chemist, makes a great discovery—nothing less than a new agency of destruction, which will have the effect (so he thinks) of putting an end to war. He returns to London to consult some old friends about it. Meanwhile, his daughter Francesca has grown up, and being doubtful of her ability to take a useful part in the great woman's-rights

movement without some knowledge of the life of working people, her mother permits her to take up her residence with a friend's cousin, in moderate circumstances, both being, though she does not know it, cousins of her own. To the same house circumstances and Mr. Adalbert Angelo, father of one of Francesca's friends and contriver of the plot, lead the returned Emanuel to board. Mr. Angelo's object is to bring about a reconciliation through the daughter and so keep Mme. Elveda's money from being squandered, as he fears it is, by her agent. Father and daughter, however, are slow to recognize one another, and the agent referred to is quick to make away with the fortune. Besides, when the recognition is finally brought about and an interview between husband and wife arranged, both remain firm. The Rebel Queen will not return to her allegiance, and Elveda departs once more for the desert, his great discovery having been voted by his friends more likely to do harm than good. But Mr. Angelo's kindly intentions are not all thrown away. Among Elveda's friends is a noble lord who has dropped his title and estate to share the lot of laboring humanity. His son falls in love with Francesca's friend, No. 2, Mr. Angelo's niece, and Mr. Angelo, discovering the connection of the family with the peerage, insists upon measures being taken to secure the young people in their rights. The plot, as will be seen, provides for plenty of dramatic situations, which are skillfully handled; but, excepting the three young girls, the characters are weak and uninteresting; and the talk about woman's-rights, war, immortality and Judaism is wearisome. (Harper & Bros.)

## Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*The "Ariel" Shakespeare.*—Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons write to us as follows:—"The writer of some one of the several pleasant references made in *The Critic* to our Ariel Edition of Shakespeare now in course of publication, appears to have been under the impression that the set was not to present Shakespeare's complete works. This impression is an error. The set when completed will contain both the plays and the poems. Thirty-nine volumes will be issued in five groups, of which the first three are in readiness. The fourth and fifth will follow shortly."

When the first group appeared, it was announced that there would be three groups of seven volumes each. The idea of completing the edition was evidently an afterthought.

"*The Bankside Quarterly.*"—The New York Shakespeare Society will begin, on Jan. 1, 1894, the publication of *The Bankside Quarterly*, a magazine devoted to Shakespeariana and the contemporary drama. The editorial conduct will be assumed by members of the Society, and the magazine will be published by the Shakespeare Press, a printing concern newly incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey, but doing business in the City of New York, for the purpose of printing editions of Shakespeare and books of Shakespearian and dramatic literature.

*The Naming of "Twelfth Night."*—A correspondent in Chicago sends me the following cutting from a newspaper (which credits it to an address given by a popular actor), and asks whether the story is true:—

"Shakespeare had announced that at the Globe Theatre on a certain date he would produce a new comedy, the last product of his pen. This, of course, was enough to crowd the theatre, and, as was customary in those days, the stage was also occupied by a number of courtiers and favored ones. When the time came for the play to begin, Shakespeare himself addressed the audience, and informed them that up to the last rehearsal he had been so busy correcting and improving that he had neglected to find a name for his piece, and therefore he had concluded to give the audience a right to name the play after they had listened to its first performance.

"Just as he was withdrawing after this speech, a voice in the audience, evidently an enthusiast, cried out:—'Call it what you will, Master Shakespeare, 'twill be as good to us with any name.' The great bard, on the inspiration of the moment, answered: 'Then, with the kind permission of the rest, let us call my comedy "What You Will." The proposition was applauded and the play went on. The record of its success has never been doubted.

"After it was ended, of course the tavern (The Mermaid) was adjourned to by Master Will and his intimates, among whom were noblemen, writers, philosophers and actors of note. The new comedy, its success, its literary merit, and its plot, were undoubtedly discussed; then they came to the unique method of naming it, and the appropriateness of the name was discussed. Just then some bright fellow discovered that it was the night of the 6th of January, or Twelfth Night, and that as the fun of the play was a practical joke, and practical joking was a recognized institution on

that day, taking all the circumstances into consideration, it would be better to call it "Twelfth Night," and "Twelfth Night" it was christened, and no doubt with all the effects of punch and wine and pipe and wassail that a popular English inn of that day afforded.

"Be it said for Shakespeare, however, that, in memory of its success under its *pro tem.* title, he always retained it to follow the other one. And thus it was that the comedy came to be called 'Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.'

"One or two Shakespearian writers have suggested that the famous and oft-quoted line, 'A rose by any other name would smell

as sweet,' was written in after its first production, and the idea was taken by Shakespeare from the man in the audience who cried out: 'Twill be as good to us with any name.'

I can only say that the story is not to be found in any reputable authority, and I never heard of it before. It is probably a modern fabrication, originating very likely in the theatre. Who the "Shakespearian writers" mentioned in the last paragraph may be, I cannot guess. I suspect that the narrator evolved them from his own consciousness—the more so, as they appear not to have known that the "oft-quoted line" is not in "Twelfth Night," but in "Romeo and Juliet."

## The November Magazines

### "The Atlantic Monthly"

THERE IS A GOOD deal in a title after all, and no one can take up the November *Atlantic* without wanting to read what Mr. Ernest Hart has to say about "Spectacled Schoolboys." Mr. Hart, it may be said parenthetically, is the editor of the London *Lancet* and a prolific writer on medical and scientific subjects. He was among the recent visitors to the World's Fair, where his remarks and addresses occasioned no little discussion. Mr. Hart's paper in *The Atlantic* is a plea for spectacles when they are intelligently worn. The "spectacled schoolboy" is not a result of the degeneration of modern eyesight but of the progress of the oculist's science. On this subject Mr. Hart says:—

"The more general use of spectacles, so often noticed nowadays, both by children and adults, is mainly the result not of any increase of eye disease or degeneration of vision, as the praisers of past times and the croakers about modern decadence delight to tell us. It is the index of the progress of a new and practical application of physical science to the relief of a widespread and very ancient series of troubles arising from defects which have always existed, but which are now far more readily tested and remedied than they were during the lives of the last and earlier generations. The science and art of examining, discerning, and treating eye diseases are now undergoing transformation. Diseases formerly incurable, such as the rapid hardening of the eyeball and destruction of the sight by glaucoma, are now curable. The early diagnosis of the varieties of cataract and its complications, and the new methods of extraction and dressing, now restore sight to at least ninety-five per hundred patients, where thirty years ago only about fifty per cent. regained vision. Squints are sometimes cured in a few days by operation, which were heretofore a life-long disfigurement and injury to vision. Other cases are more slowly arrested and remedied without operation, by glasses. Many unnecessary and distressing operations are no longer performed."

Certainly the wearing of spectacles is an agreeable substitute for the operator's knife.

### THE GAP FILLED BY THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Mr. Horace E. Scudder, the editor of *The Atlantic* and the author of a capital history of the United States for young students, writes on "School Libraries," and incidentally points out how, in the case of many children, the public schools help to compensate for things lacking in their homes.

"For example, the kindergarten is not merely the demonstration of a philosophical theory regarding the foundations of education: it is a practical measure to restore to large numbers of little children what has been lost out of their lives through the pressure of toil weighing more and more heavily upon the mothers of these children. Given such a reform of social conditions as shall make the humblest mother both a housekeeper and one trained in the lore of childhood, and it is within the bounds of possibility that the kindergarten should shrink into smaller compass. Again, the introduction of manual training schools would have been an anachronism when every boy spent a large part of his time out of school in the handling of tools, and when the apprentice system was in vogue. So also the teaching of sewing, even of cooking, in city schools is an attempt to compensate for the loss of training at home.

"In all such cases there is, indeed, a perfectly natural relation of these studies to the rounded education of the child, yet the point we make is that the assumption of the training by the public schools is in consequence of the failure, for one reason or another, of the family or the industrial society to provide for such training, as these forces once did, and may do again under changed conditions. The same may be said of what is regarded as more intimately and fundamentally a part of systematic school education."

### CATHOLICITY IN MUSICAL TASTE

Mr. Owen Wister argues for "Catholicity in Musical Taste," owing at the same time that he himself is the happy possessor of

that quality of mind that makes him welcome, as music, all sounds, not actually discordant, that reach his ear. We wish that more writers on musical subjects were of the same way of thinking.

"If catholicity exists in literary taste," he asks, "why should it not in music? Is it not a pity that three quarters of those who enjoy poetry and prose, tragedy and comedy, a sonnet by Wordsworth and a story by Mark Twain, should not have an equivalently broad musical appreciation, and add just so much more enjoyment to their lives? If I believe that the 'Götterdämmerung' is the sublimest height tragic opera has attained, I can still be happy on another night with 'Fra Diavolo' or 'La Sonnambula'; and Haydn delights me in spite of my admiration for Brahms. But so many go to the concert hall to gather figs of thistles!

"The reason for all this is the fact that, to most listeners who would be thought music lovers, music is really alien, and they do not meet it as they meet literature. They know that a drama or a poem expresses human things, but they do not know that a symphony does, too. Music is a phenomenon to them, the fourth dimension of space. The man who has a real affinity for it; to whom it is not an exotic, or a rare, strange object, to be approached with respect because fashion says so, but is a mother tongue, a matter of course, received and understood, or not understood, just as he understands a remark, or requests the remark to be repeated that he may take it in—such a man strikes no attitudes about this or that composer or kind of composition. Heavy or light, symphony or opera, Italian, French, German or English, he stands ready to enjoy anything that comes, if it be good of its kind. That is all he demands."

"The Hungry Greeklings," by Emily James Smith; "Along the Hillsborough," by Bradford Torrey; "The Pilgrim in Devon," and Mrs. Catherwood's short story afford very agreeable reading in different lines.

### "The Century Magazine"

The names of James Russell Lowell and Ralph Waldo Emerson adorn the table-of-contents of the November *Century*. The latter is represented by a poem, heretofore unpublished, "To Lowell, on His Fortieth Birthday"—a poem to which Lowell refers in one of the letters given in the volumes of his correspondence just issued by the Harpers. It was read by Emerson at a dinner given in honor of the event it celebrates. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton says of it that while "its form is not perfect," it "bears the tower-stamp of genius." These are the closing lines:—

"What said the Sibyl?  
What was the fortune  
She sung for him?  
'Strength for the hour.'

"Man of marrow, man of mark,  
Virtue lodged in sinew stark:  
Rich supplies and never stinted,  
More behind at need is hinted;  
Never cumbered with the morrow,  
Never knew corroding sorrow;  
Too well gifted to have found  
Yet his opulence's bound;  
Most at home in mounting fun,  
Broadest joke, and luckiest pun;  
Masking in the mantling tones  
Of his rich, laugh-loving voice,  
In speeding troops of social joys,  
And in volleys of wild mirth,  
Purer metal, rarest worth,  
Logic, passion, cordial zeal,  
Such as bard and hero feel.  
Strength for the hour—  
For the day sufficient power;  
Well advised, too easily great  
His large fleece to antedate.



"But if another temper come—  
If on the sun shall creep a gloom,  
A time and tide too exigent,  
When the old mounds are torn and rent,  
More proud, more strong competitors  
Marshal the lists for emperors—  
Then the peasant bard will know  
To put this frolic mask behind him,  
Like an old summer cloak,  
And in sky-born mail to bind him,  
And single-handed cope with Time,  
And parry and deal the thunder-stroke."

#### LOWELL ON WIT AND HUMOR

Prof. Norton also introduces the Lowell contributions to this number—certain parts of his early lectures on the English poets, before the Lowell Institute in Boston. Here is a passage on wit and humor that defines the two things about as clearly as they have ever been defined:—

"Humor, in its highest level, is the sense of comic contradiction which arises from the perpetual comment which the understanding makes upon the impressions received through the imagination. \* \* \* We find it very natural accordingly to speak of the breath of humor, while wit is, by the necessity of its being, as narrow as a flash of lightning, and as sudden. Humor may pervade a whole page without our being able to put our finger on any passage, and say, 'It is here.' Wit must sparkle and snap in every line, or it is nothing. When the wise deacon shook his head, and said that 'there was a good deal of human nature' in man, he might have added that there was a good deal more in some men than in others. Those who have the largest share of it may be humorists, but wit demands only a clear and nimble intellect, presence of mind, and a happy faculty of expression. This perfection of phrase, this neatness, is an essential of wit, because its effect must be instantaneous; whereas humor is often diffuse and roundabout, and its impression cumulative, like the poison of arsenic. Galiani said of Nature that her dice were always loaded; so too the wit must throw sixes every time. And what the same Galiani gave as a definition of sublime oratory may be applied to its dexterity of phrase:—'It is the art of saying everything without being clapt in the Bastille, in a country where it is forbidden to say anything.' Wit must also have the quality of unexpectedness. 'Sometimes,' says Barrow, 'an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, gives it being. Sometimes it rises only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange, sometimes from a crafty wresting of obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roivings of fancy and windings of language.'"

#### "MEMORIES AND LETTERS OF EDWIN BOOTH"

Mr. William Bishpam, the friend and executor of Edwin Booth, begins in this number a series of "Memories and Letters of Edwin Booth," which will be a revelation of the man to those who are acquainted only with the actor. Of the trying time just after Lincoln's assassination by his brother, J. Wilkes Booth, Mr. Bishpam says:—

"Edwin Booth was stricken to the ground. Nothing but the love that was poured out for him by his friends saved him from madness. For days his sanity hung in the balance, and we all were fearful for the result, but nature and friendship gained the victory, and though his very soul was torn with anguish, his clear, strong brain reasserted itself, and he was himself again. But for nearly a year he withdrew from the stage, and it was only when the call of the public for his return became too strong to be longer withstood that he consented to play again."

As an illustration of the fact that truth is stranger than fiction, Mr. Bishpam tells this anecdote, which was related to him by Mr. Booth:—

"He [Booth] had started for Philadelphia from New York, and while he was standing on the platform of a car, still in the Pennsylvania railroad station at Jersey City, and just as the train was about to move, a young lad, going from one car to another, stumbled, and would have fallen between them, had not Edwin caught him by the collar of the coat and landed him in safety by his side. The boy, whom Edwin had never seen before, evidently recognized him, and holding out his hand said to him, 'That was a narrow escape, Mr. Booth,' and thanked him warmly. Two weeks later Edwin received a letter from Gen. Adam Badeau in which the latter mentioned that Robert Lincoln had told him that it was his life that had thus been saved."

#### BISMARCK AT HOME

Mrs. Eleonora Kinnicutt paints a most charming picture of Bismarck at home in an article on "Bismarck at Friedrichsruh":—

"After coffee and cigars had been passed, Bismarck's long pipe, with its china bowl decorated with the family coat of arms, was brought to him and lighted. A small table at his side held a tray with long queer matches, a small rod, and other pipe appurtenances, all of which were from time to time used. Never had I seen the process of smoking require to be helped along so often; for, during animated conversation, the pipe was forgotten and allowed to go out. In this need, as in every other, I was impressed with the alertness of the attendants. Proud were they of their master, and tenderly watchful of his wishes and his physical infirmities. \* \* \*

"Conversation next turned upon America, and Bismarck asked much about his old friend Carl Schurz. 'In 1845,' he said, 'I anticipated quite as little as did Schurz what the future had in store for me. My highest ambition was to become a good farmer, and to be able, eventually, to purchase the lands adjoining our estate. Occasionally I cast a hungry eye upon the office of justice of the peace, but the only chance I had to obtain it was cut off—with a smile at the princess—' by my not succeeding in marrying the girl who could have helped me attain it.' 'So much the better for me,' was the princess's laughing rejoinder.

"And the better for us all, thought I; for what a wholesome and blessed example of happy marriage has this historic home presented to the world during the last half-century!"

Among other "leading contributions" to this number are Mrs. Van Rensselaer's "Fifth Avenue" with Childe Hassam's illustrations; an illustrated article on the French painter George Michel, the first of a series of "Artists' Adventures," described by the pen and pencil of Walter Shirlaw; George Kennan's "John Henderson, Artist"; and a strange little story suggesting William Blake and E. A. Poe, but entirely unlike either, by A. W. Drake, called "The Yellow Globe." This latter, we understand, is the first of a series of "Midnight Stories," by Mr. Drake, whose talent was supposed to be entirely in the line of art, but which is now found to include letters.

#### "Scribner's Magazine"

Those who love stories of adventure and travel will enjoy "In Camp with the Katchins," by Col. H. E. Colville of the Grenadier Guards, which opens the current number of *Scribner's*, and which is accompanied by the spirited illustrations of Mr. A. F. Jaccacl. In "Mme. Roland," by Ida M. Tarbell, will be found an appreciative study of that interesting Frenchwoman. "The Picturesque Side" of the World's Fair is described by the pen and pencil of F. Hopkinson Smith, who gives a decidedly Venetian aspect to this great American show. In the way of art Mr. F. N. Doubleday concludes his "Glimpses of French Illustration."

#### MME. LEMAIRE IN HER STUDIO

Mr. Doubleday's description of Mme. Lemaire in her studio is interesting:—

"The studio of a famous woman artist is perhaps more interesting than most ateliers, and the artistic workshop of Mme. Lemaire is as characteristic as one expects it to be. It is separated from the house by a dozen feet or more, set in a little garden back from the street, guarded by a *concierge* of unrivalled discretion and 'unlimited authority to refuse'; and here, in the heart of Paris, she works, away from the noise and bother. The chief artistic ornament of the room is the oil-painting of her daughter by Chaplin, Mme. Lemaire's master, given in exchange for a panel of flowers, almost the only painting of hers saved by the artist from the wreck by the Germans during the war. So much of her time has been devoted to fan-painting and to illustrating subjects scarcely worthy of her powers, that it is to be hoped that some occasion may soon present itself which will lead to another collection of serious illustrations, giving as great a scope for the delicate skill and imagination as that which Halévy's novel offered. Mme. Lemaire is a charming hostess, who speaks of her work as an incident, though she is not unlikely to tell her interviewer, with more than common interest, of her start in painting. She lived at Dieppe, and her first water-colors were put in the window of the local stationers."

#### SOMETHING THAT FRENCH GIRLS MUST KNOW.

An article on "Education for Girls in France" has a good many suggestive thoughts in it, and we recommend it to the reading of all who have children to educate either as parents or teachers. "Above every thing else a Frenchman insists that his children shall be able to speak and write their own language, not only correctly, but with elegance; and the amount of training this implies can be appreciated by anyone who has ever tried to write elegant French himself. Is it not that brilliant journalist, Émile Bergerat, who says that there are past participles round which to this day he makes respectful circuits? The French, as a nation, speak well. Heine

writes of the 'perfume of politeness' even in the speech of the common people. 'But independently of this politeness, the language of the *peuple* in France,' he says, 'has for me I do not know what stamp of distinction about it; a woman of the Halles speaks better than a German canoness, proud of her sixty-four generations of ancestors.' This comes partly from the training. And besides this thorough education in French, the *brevet élémentaire* demands solfeggio, gymnastics, a sketch of any usual object, such as a chair or a table, and sewing, including the cutting and fitting of dresses. \* \* \* Whatever else a girl may know in France, she must know how to sew, and in all the most fashionable schools you will see specimens of exquisite hand needlework done by the pupils framed and on exhibition."

#### ORATORY IN ENGLAND

In an article on "The House of Commons," Mr. Augustine Birrell, M. P., says on the subject of latter-day oratory:—

"Oratory is no doubt a tradition of the House of Commons. What are we to say about it? In America you seem still to love talk for its own sake. I am told that in the States grown men and women really enjoy sitting still and being talked to in a loud voice. You love to hear the rolling sentence and the lofty and familiar sentiment. We don't. It cannot be denied that even common juries dislike what a few decades ago would have been considered very passable eloquence. It is daily growing upon us, this dislike of being talked to in a lofty vein—or, indeed, in any vein."

Mr. Gladstone, however, Mr. Birrell admits, is a good talker, and not without eloquence:—

"For one good speech Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Balfour may make, Mr. Gladstone makes twenty. He is versed in every artifice of oratory; he is practised in every mood and method of debate. He has the temperament and the equipment of a great orator, though Mr. Hayward made a good point when he wrote the words, 'a shade more imagination.' Yet, before admitting Mr. Hayward's qualification, I would prefix the adjective 'poetic' to the noun 'imagination,' for Mr. Gladstone's imagination is most active. As a man of business he is inspired. Let his theme be a great trade or industry; let the subject of his voluminous discourse be railway rates, bimetalism, the opium traffic; let him unfold his mind and unroll his memory before his audience—do but hearken to his illustrations and follow his discursions, and when, to your sorrow, he sits down, you will observe with amazement the fingers of the clock."

#### PROF. FREEMAN AS A LETTER-WRITER

Freeman the historian must have been an exceedingly interesting man, according to the description of him by Delia Lyman Porter; and he had a unique way of writing letters:—



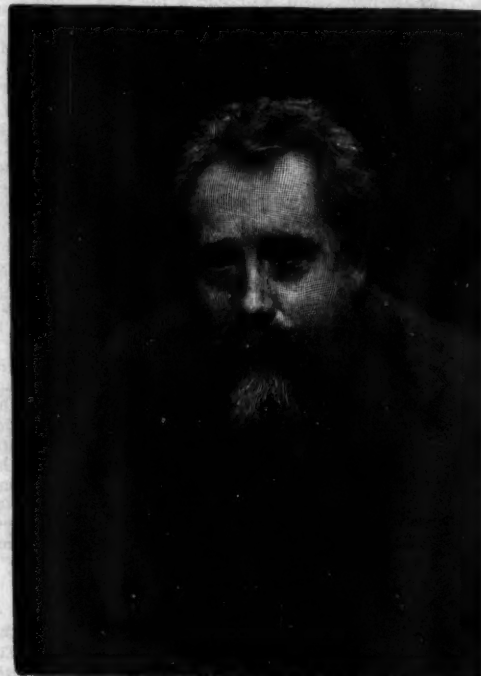
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PROF. FREEMAN

"Mr. Freeman wrote his letters in a most peculiar way. There you might see a half dozen letters spread out, all kept going at the same time. He had a curious habit of stopping at the end of a page, perhaps in the middle of a sentence, then going on to another letter, and returning after several days (with the new date in brackets at the top of the next page), he would conclude the sentence and continue the letter. He wrote with a quill pen, using the blackest of black ink and the heaviest of white paper, which, with a characteristic disregard for such small things as postage, he used with equal freedom for foreign letters. His handwriting was difficult to read until one became familiar with it. He was an amazing correspondent, writing numerous and very long letters, bright, and often playful in style, full of honest opinions of the great events of the day, expressed in his strong, vigorous way."

#### "Harper's Monthly"

Mr. Black's attractively named serial, "The Handsome Humes," is finished in the November *Harper's*. The "special features" of this number are "From Tabreez to Ispahan," by Edwin



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W. E. HENLEY

Lord Weeks; "The Decadent Movement in Literature," by Arthur Symonds; "Along the Bayou Teche," by Julian Ralph; "An Indian Commonwealth," by Regin W. McAdam; "London in the Season," by Richard Harding Davis; and "Arbitration," by Frederick R. Coudert. By way of short stories there are "The Frog that Played the Trombone," by Brander Matthews; "Vorbei," by Annie Nathan Meyer; and "Em'ly," by Owen Wister; together with an imaginary portrait by Walter Pater, called "Apollo in Picardy." Daniel Roberts contributes a brief reminiscence of Stephen A. Douglas. There are poems by John Hay, Anna C. Brackett, Alice Archer Sewall and Robert Burns Wilson.

#### THE LITERARY "DECADENTS"

To the readers of *The Critic* there will be found no more interesting article than that by Arthur Symonds on "The Decadent Movement in Literature," with which are to be found admirable portraits of some of the "decadents." These writers are sometimes called "symbolists," at others "impressionists," and their school is best known through the writings of Paul Verlaine, Mallarmé and the brothers Goncourt in France, Maurice Maeterlinck in Belgium and W. E. Henley in England. The unfortunate Verlaine is the best example of the French School. Of him Mr. Symonds says:—

"Verlaine's poetry has varied with his life; always in excess—now furiously sensual, now feverishly devout—he has been constant only to himself, to his own self-contradictions. For, with all the violence, turmoil, and disorder of a life which is almost the life of a modern Villon, Paul Verlaine has always retained that child-



like simplicity, and in his verse, which has been his confessional, that fine sincerity, of which Villon may be thought to have set the example in literature."

Of the others, Maurice Maeterlinck and W. E. Henley are the best known in America. The former by his plays—in the original, as no adequate translation of them has yet been published, though one has been made; the latter by his essays and poems published by the Messrs. Scribner and by his letters from London signed ("H. B."), published in *The Critic*, whose first London correspondent he was. Maeterlinck does not look like the author of "L'Intruse" or "Les Aveugles."

"He was discovered to the general French public," says Mr. Symons, "by M. Octave Mirbeau, in an article in the *Figaro*, August 24, 1890, on the publication of 'La Princesse Maleine.' 'M. Maurice Maeterlinck nous a donné l'œuvre la plus géniale de ce temps, et la plus extraordinaire et la plus naïve aussi, comparable et—oserai-je le dire?—supérieure en beauté à ce qui il y a de plus beau dans Shakespeare . . . plus tragique que 'Macbeth,' plus extraordinaire en pensée que 'Hamlet.' This is how the enthusiast announced his discovery. In truth, M. Maeterlinck is not a Shakespeare, and the Elizabethan violence of his first play is of the school of Webster and Tourneur rather than of Shakespeare. As a dramatist he has but one note, that of fear: he has but one method, that of repetition."

Of Mr. Henley's poems, Mr. Symons says:—"They flash before us certain aspects of the poetry of London as only Whistler had ever done, and in another art. Nor is it only the poetry of cities, as here, nor the poetry of the disagreeable, as in *The Hospital*, that Mr. Henley can evoke; he can evoke the magic of personal romance. He has written verse that is exquisitely frivolous, daintily capricious, wayward and fugitive as the winged remembrance of

trousers and cutaway coat of the men had given way to a dishabille just as different as dress can be, and just as rigorous in its dishabille as in its former correctness and 'form.' The women who rode last summer wore loose-belted blouses and looser coats that fell to their knees; straw hats; and their hair, instead of being bound tightly up, was loose and untidy; and the men appeared in yellow boots, or even leggings, and serge suits and pot-hats. All these things were possible because the hour was early, and because women who follow the hounds dress more with an eye to comfort than they did, and others dress like them to give the idea that they too follow the hounds."

#### WAR A MISTAKE

Mr. Frederick R. Coudert, who was of counsel for the United States in the Bering Sea Arbitration at Paris, contributes an historical review of arbitration, with an application to the present time and the recent Bering controversy. Mr. Coudert will find that his arguments are popular with the present generation:—

"The great and fatal argument against war is that it does not pay. There was a time when the force of this plea was not generally recognized. The mediæval spirit, with its chivalry and love of glory, survived long after the bodies of the old barons had turned to dust and their swords to rust. Passions were fierce, traditions strong, popular rights in embryonic feebleness. The hope of conquest, the quarrels of dynasties, religious differences, all tended to obscure the dawn of the coming era—the era of commonsense, which balances the good and the bad of any given course and adopts the more expedient. Did not Louis Napoleon, when Emperor of the French, once boastfully proclaim that the French nation was the only one that would go to war for an idea? Perhaps he was right. Alas! many thousand lives, many millions in money, a mutilated territory, and national pride most bitterly humbled eloquently attest that the *mitrailleuse* and the *chassepot* may not be safely trusted to disseminate ideas, however noble and however useful to mankind. But the Anglo-Saxon race prefers to express its preferences and to make converts in other ways."

#### "McClure's Magazine"

The "Real Conversation" in this number of *McClure's Magazine* (which this month completes its first volume) is carried on between Miss Edith M. Thomas and Frank R. Stockton at the latter's home, "The Holt," at Convent Station, near Morristown, N. J. Miss Thomas prefaces the conversation with this delightful bit of description:—

"Nature provides no lovelier *mise-en-scène* for a story, a poem or a 'conversation' than is to be found in the sylvan and pastoral world that looks out upon the gradual *crescendo* of the Blue Ridge Mountains in northern New Jersey. \* \* \*

The Holt, the wooded hill on which stands Mr. Stockton's home, rises on three sides—gently, leisurely; nothing abrupt, but as befits the site for an ideal homestead. Even were no houses made with hands erected in this place, the noble grove, comprising the whole congress of good trees and true, that yield fuel and timber for man's use, would enclose and tapestry around a sort of spacious woodland chamber for the abode of contemplation and comfort. In truth, close beside the ample piazza, a group of stately pines, joined in brotherly love, securely roof over a little parlor where the gentle shower would scarce admonish a loiterer in a rustic seat. Down this easy slope the trees descend to make a green, dream-lighted dell, through which we see the winding course of a wood-path, where the pilgrim of a day may saunter. So sauntering, or tarrying, the pilgrim proceeds leisurely along; at last a little climb and a deft turn of the path deliver us into a sweetly secluded nook christened 'Studio Bluff.'

"And now to return to the sheltering eaves of the 'Holt' and repair to the study. Yonder is the great desk, as full, it may be, of hives and honey as were the pockets of the Bee Man of Orn! There is the bookcase, containing, among its volumes of reference and service, sundry eccentricities of literature: 'Mr. Salmon,' for instance, with his exhaustive 'Geographical and Historical Grammar,' sandwiching between its useful rules and tables tidbits of valuable information, including such subjects as 'Cleopatra's Asp'; adding also 'a few paradoxes,' otherwise childish riddles, where-with the simple olden time was wont to amuse itself. Here, on the walls hangs the sampler of one of the ladies Stockton, long since skilled with the 'fine needle and nice thread.' Close beside this notable needlework hangs a parchment, the will of one of the forefathers of the house, who held it no 'baseness to write fair,' if this scarcely faded engrossing bespeaks the writer's creed in penmanship. Here, a grim, gaunt candlestick does picket duty all by itself: it is a bayonet taken from the last battlefield of the South—a bayonet inverted, the point thrust into a standard, the stock serving as socket for the candle. In this rapid survey of the room, the lines



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MAURICE MAETERLINCK

some momentary delight. And, in certain fragments, he has come nearer than any other English singer to what I have called the achievement of Verlaine and the ideal of the Decadence: to be a disembodied voice, and yet the voice of a human soul."

#### MR. DAVIS IN ROTTEN ROW

Mr. Richard Harding Davis sees London as it should be seen by a foreigner and an American. He does not prostrate himself before the "nobility and gentry," but at the same time he appreciates their picturesque effect in the landscape.

"The first show of the day in London is the procession of horses in the Row. It lasts from nine to eleven. It used to take place in the afternoon, but fashion has changed that; and Englishmen who have been in the colonies, and who come home on leave, and walk out to the Row at four, to see the riders, find seldom more than a dozen from which to pick and choose; and they will find even a greater difference, if they again go at the right hour, in the modern garb of both men and women. At least it was so last summer. The light habit and high hat of the girls and the long

of old Turberville attract the eye, where they appear inscribed over the mantel:—

'Yee that frequent the hills and highest holtes of all,  
Assist mee with your skilful quilles, and listen when I call.'

On the mantel reposes a wickedly crooked dirk, sheathed and quiescent now. It is the weapon that slew the redoubted Po Money, a Dacot chief, of whom the missionary who consigned it to the



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MR. STOCKTON'S HOME NEAR MORRISTOWN

present owner naively observes, on his card of presentation, 'Since he would never repent, it seemed best that he should be out of the world.'

"By this window are flowers, a few; by choice a vase for each; for here the individuality of a flower is prized, and the crowded and discomfited loveliness of flowers in the mass is not tolerated. So a day-lily, or an early dahlia, may have its place by itself, in undisputed queenhood. A branch of vari-colored 'foliage plant' completes the decorative floral company. But who is this—coming as in dyed garment from Bozrah—that reposes among these pied leaves, beneath their 'protective coloring'? A cramped prisoner but a few hours before, in the world but not of it. The bright creature rests in the sunny window until its wings gain strength to lift and bear it away."

#### MISS THOMAS, MR. STOCKTON AND THE MUSE

In the course of Miss Thomas's visit to "The Holt," she wrote the following verses in collaboration with her host. It is called "Miss Jane, Sir Cupid and I: A Collaborative Poem, by E. M. T. and F. R. S.":—

"We walked in a garden of roses,  
Miss Jane, Sir Cupid and I—  
Nay, rather, she walked by herself,  
And never could answer me why.

"The more I besought her, still farther  
And farther she flitted ahead,  
Laughing and scattering roses—  
Roses, the white and the red.

"At last she gave me her 'reason';  
Surely I 'ought to have known'—  
'Sir Cupid'—and—'Three are too many,'  
She'd walk with me, if alone!

"So, lost in the maze of the roses,  
Forever she flitted before;  
And I said, with a sigh, to Sir Cupid:  
'I'll follow the truant no more!'

"The next time I drew near to the roses,  
I listened; I heard a faint stir,  
And when I looked into the garden  
The rascal was walking with her!

"Then softly I crept in, and caught her;  
She blushed, but would not be free.  
By keeping Sir Cupid between us  
There was room in those alleys for three."

There are other articles well worth reading in this number and stories of more than average merit. We are pleased to hear that *McClure's* is on the highroad to success.

#### "The North American Review"

*The North American Review* has for its "star" articles a symposium on "The Struggle in the Senate," by Senators Stewart of Nevada and Lodge of Massachusetts; "European Women," by the Marquise de San Carlos for France and Eva Canel for Spain, and "How to Improve our Roads," by Gov. Flower of New York. There are many other articles, and articles of interest, too, but their titles are not printed in bold type.

#### INTELLECTUAL LIFE AND ROAD-BUILDING

On the very important subject of road-building Gov. Flower says:—

"I regard the movement for good roads as one of the most important of social reforms. It has in it great material benefit to the people generally and to the agricultural interests of the country particularly. In the East especially we have reached a stage of development where a network of smooth highways is essential to our prosperity and growth. Our cities and villages must be brought into closer contact with the farms. In many sections the limit of communication by railroad and canal has been reached, and dependence must be now upon good roads. To the residents of the farms, to the merchants in the towns, to the canals, to the railroads, to the large army of employees, to the consumers in the cities, in short to all interests and citizens, the close communication of farm and city is most desirable for business and commercial reasons alone. Good substantial roads, leading out to the rural towns from the principal business communities in each county, cannot help stimulating business in that community and developing the country round about it. But beyond all this they are as advantageous in developing the social and intellectual life of the rural population as they are in improving its material condition."

#### A PARISIENNE

The Marquise de San Carlos, who has been writing so thoughtfully of French social life in *The North American*, says in this number:—

"The genuine Frenchwoman of society is rarely beautiful. She is always more or less fascinating. Like the French nobleman she is tall, lithe, intelligent, appreciative of art, with much delicacy of feeling, and has either very strong, almost bigoted, principles or none at all. As there is no possibility for the development of love before marriage, this most natural of all human passions is apt to assert its power long after the excitable young Frenchwoman has contracted an alliance with some 'unsympathetic fellow,' and it needs much character and very solid virtue to resist the courtship of enterprising French noblemen who swarm round young brides with the scepticism of true libertines. Women of strict principles, who have not become nuns on leaving school, and who have had the courage to withstand the current of youth and passion, lead, after marriage, for the most part, lives of silent domestic martyrdom. Those who have rather loose morals, and they are perchance the greater number, seem to have a pretty good time of it, and spend their golden years '*trompant leurs maris*' with a vengeance, while they bring up their children with the greatest severity, on a system of blindfold ignorance. In fact, the cool way French women have of being immoral without giving up going to church on Sunday is a mystery. One sister will be a Carmelite, and the other will accept the homage of half a dozen admirers. Yet both have been educated in the same convent; both have shared the same life till the age of eighteen, when the gay, laughing blonde entered a religious order, and the dark almond-eyed sister sought the marriage tie for the sole purpose of securing freedom."

#### THE SPANISH GIRL

According to Eva Canel the Spanish girl has a much pleasanter and more natural life than her French sister:—

"The fact that the Spanish woman enjoys no social freedom until she marries or attains her majority has given rise to the supposition, among those who know us only through the fantastic tales of unscrupulous travellers, that in Spain women live subject to the most absolute of tyrannies, and that we are the victims of the brutal selfishness of man. Nothing could be further from the truth or more calumnious. The Spanish woman, yielding cheerfully and willingly the obedience to paternal authority enjoined by religion, receives, with the nuptial benediction, the liberty to go about alone and to guard unaided the good name and respect with which in childhood and youth she had seen herself surrounded. But let it not therefore be imagined that the Spanish girl leads the life of a recluse, subjected to monastic rules. So far from this being the



case, perhaps there is no woman in the world who enjoys herself more while unmarried, who is a greater coquette, or who tyrannizes more completely over her suitors; and when long dresses give her the right to present herself in society, a period of amusements and diversions begins for her which terminates without regret on the part of the good wife, as soon as the duties of maternity come to fill her life and to completely occupy both her thoughts and her time."

#### MR. MALLOCK ON PRODUCTIVITY

"The Productivity of the Individual" is the title of Mr. Mallock's paper, and this is his view of the subject in a nutshell:—

"Even the extremest socialist would hardly be prepared to deny that the ability of James Watt had far more to do with the present wealth of the world than the manual labor of the average skilled mechanic. But still, if the assertion is baldly and bluntly made that a single man, without manual labor—sitting perhaps at his ease in an armchair—may produce twice as many commodities as a hundred manual laborers do with their arms and hands, many people will declare this is true in a figurative way only, and that if, for instance, the man in the armchair says that he has produced a thousand pots in a day, he is not their producer in the same literal sense in which any one of the manual laborers is the producer of five pots. My aim in the present paper is to show that he is so—to show that the ability by which the efficiency of labor is multiplied is, under the existing conditions of industry, a producing agent in just as practical a sense as labor is; and that the amount of commodities produced by the man exercising it is to be measured precisely in the same way as the amount of commodities which we estimate to have been produced by any given laborer."

#### "The Popular Science Monthly"

A fine portrait of the late John Ericsson is the frontispiece of *The Popular Science Monthly*—a number very varied in its contents, containing as it does articles on zoology, electricity, education, hygiene, philosophy, mathematics and meteorology.

#### "THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF TEACHING"

Henry L. Clapp contributes a thoughtful essay on this subject, in which he maintains that schemes of scientific teaching constructed for college students are useless for children, as they do not take account of the child's way of thinking. He says:—

"The method of beginning to teach science with ultimate undecomposable elements, and 'building up' step by step, with complete sequences and fine inferences, exhibits one phase of science work, especially that done in scientific schools by adult students. In the case of many teachers it seems to furnish all the fascinations and advantages of a thoroughly logical method, and to be in perfect consonance with the educational principle, 'From the known to the unknown'; but there seems to be some unreasonable bias or ignorance of facts in the interpretation of the principle as applicable to children. This interpretation is apparently based on the assumption that the known is simple rather than complex, is in parts rather than in wholes, and that the child's knowledge must of necessity be built up constructively or synthetically. There is some truth in this interpretation, but followed out with children as far as we too often see it, it involves difficulties and errors of considerable magnitude. In this case, as in others, excessive generalization is dangerous.

"Children's natural sequences are from wholes to parts, from the complex to the simple, from the superficial to what lies underneath, from the indefinitely known to the more definitely known, and the mental processes involved are analytical, especially in the early part of their school days. In this case, also, excessive generalization is dangerous. Undoubtedly, children acquire some knowledge synthetically, and as they approach adult life their powers of analysis and synthesis are increased by more frequent use, and no system or method that is excessive in either direction can be rightfully called scientific."

#### A PLEA FOR A VEGETABLE DIET

Lady Paget makes a strong plea for a vegetable diet—a plea which is as sure to make converts as would be a plea for a meat diet; for it only needs pleading to make converts to any fad.

"Vegetarianism," says Lady Paget, "is often called a fad, but it is a healthy and an innocent one, and the natural reaction against the present state of things. It imparts lightness and elasticity to the body, brightness and clearness to the mind. The vegetarians I know are all unusually strong, active, and young-looking people for their age: one of them walked without stopping for thirty-four and another for twenty-seven hours, without a rest, while on an excursion in Norway—feats not easily equaled by the most inveterate beef-eater. Traveling, mountain-climbing, all seem easier and

less fatiguing on this light and soothing diet; and why should it not give strength to the limbs and sinews if one reflects that all the strongest animals who do the heaviest work in the world, like horses, oxen, and elephants are entirely herbivorous?"

#### A FAD ABOUT HANDWRITING

Vertical handwriting is coming into use in England and is likely to find favor in this country also. It ought to find approval everywhere, if what Mr. Joseph V. Witherbee says of its benefits be true, and it certainly has an air of truth about it:—

"To the parent as well as the educator the position of the pupil when writing should be of the greatest interest. That there is an alarming increase of spinal curvature and near-sight in children of the present day goes without saying. There must be some reason for it. If we accept the statement of the Vienna commission of experts appointed to investigate the cause of this increase, we find it charged to the account of sloping writing, with its unavoidable faulty positions. Compare the pictures of two children as actually found in class, and let anyone say which child stands the best chance of growing up with a straight spine and unimpaired eyesight, if kept in these postures long at a time. Observe that the position of the girl on the right in the first cut is by no means an exaggerated one, but quite as favorable to the advocates of sloping writing as they could ask for, and yet the twisting of the head and the curvature of the spine are noticeable here, the latter more especially in the second cut. Notice, too, that the other girl, who is in the correct position, might lean forward however much she pleased, and still her shoulders would be of the same height.

"If the pupil who slants his letters sits sideways to the desk (a very common position), not only is one shoulder usually higher than the other, but the head is commonly turned until a line connecting the pupils of the eyes is parallel to the line on which he is writing. Nature impels him to twist his neck so that one eye shall be the same distance from the letters he is making as the other. Unless he does turn his head, the eyes are not equidistant from his work, which tends to shorten the sight of one eye and lengthen that of the other. This accounts, in large measure, for the need of two glasses of different powers for the same person, so frequently met with at the present time."

#### "Lippincott's Magazine"

Mrs. Hungerford, who for a while concealed her identity behind the pseudonym of "The Duchess," contributes the complete novel to this number of *Lippincott's*. It is called "An Unsatisfactory Lover"—as though that were a distinguishing description; but it will doubtless prove a satisfactory story to its author's many readers. A most readable paper is Dr. Charles C. Abbott's "An Old-Fashioned Garden," in which we find this plea for birds:—

"In changing the botanical features of our yards, we have had but one thought—gorgeous flowers; but was it wise to give no heed to the loss of birds as the result? I fancy there are many who would turn with delight from the formal clusters of unfamiliar shrubs, however showy, to a gooseberry hedge or a lilac thicket with song-sparrows and a catbird hidden in its shade. We have been unwise in this too radical change. We have abolished bird-music in our eagerness for color, gaining a little but losing more. We have paid too dear, not for a whistle, but for its loss. But it is not too late. Carry a little of the home forest to our yards, and birds will follow it.

"And what of the old-time arbors, with the straggling grape-vine, and perhaps a rude wren-box perched at the entrance? Is there better shade than the grape-vine offers, a sweeter odor than its bloom affords, or more charming music than the song of the restless house-wren? Certainly there have been no improvements upon these features of the old-time garden: yet how seldom do we see them now! We must travel far, too, to find a martin-box. As a matter of fact, the blue-bird, wren and martin might, if we chose, be restored to the very hearts of our largest towns. People have no more terror for them than for the English sparrow, and they can all hold out against these piratical aliens, if we would consider their few and simple needs."

#### THE WIND AND THE TREE

Bliss Carman sings this song, fit to be sung in Dr. Abbott's garden:—

"The lover Wind is away, away,  
Leaving a sigh for the lady Tree;  
But his heart is out on the golden bay,  
Trampling the perilous floors of sea.

"The lady Tree from her lonely hill  
Sends a sigh through the world to roam  
The Wind's wild way at the Wind's sweet will;  
But her heart abides at home, at home.

"O lover Wind and lady Tree,  
How the old sun must laugh at you,  
Seeing all foolish things must be  
Till the round world is made anew!"

#### A EULOGY OF SARAH GRAND'S "HEAVENLY TWINS"

Frederic M. Bird writes most eulogistically of Sarah Grand's "Heavenly Twins":—

"Her sketch of society at Malta is indeed far from attractive; but one cannot fight the devil with rose-water, nor attract vice without using plain language. She does use plain language, and a good deal of it; but everybody knows that the offences which rouse her wrath are by no means products of her imagination. They have a very real and widespread existence; they are shocking to a pure mind, frightful in their occasional consequences, and a festering sore in the body politic. How far or how rapidly they can be removed by exposure is matter of opinion, for men like Col. Colquhoun and Sir Mosley Menteith are slow to change their spots; but any fool ought to be able to distinguish between a writer who uses these loathsome themes for mere literary effect, and one who hurls a lance at sin from pure love of virtue and humanity, like Dr. Muhlenberg in his famous sermon on the Midnight Mission, or Mme. Grand in her impassioned plea for the emancipation of her sex. She claims not to have startled the proprieties, but only the pruderies: 'the proprieties face any necessity for discussion with modest discretion, however painful it may be.'"

That word "discretion" is used advisedly. We have here no later "Kreutzer Sonata," no needless wallowing in nastiness, no lamentable trembling and tottering of a great mind. Whether or no she makes the very best use of her powers, Mme. Grand has not taken leave of her senses, and her chosen outlook is upward and forward. If she pauses to look down with wrathful abhorrence, it is because crawling and venomous things get in the way and impede her progress. She is in thorough sympathy with Angelica's indignant outburst against "those hateful French people who have no conception of anything unusual in a woman that does not end in gross impropriety of conduct, and fill their books with nothing else."

Lewis M. Haupt has an article on "Local Transportation" which goes to show that we cannot have too much accommodation in this line. We commend it to the Fifth Avenue Stage Company.

#### "The Forum"

*The Forum* prints an interesting paper by Paul Bourget, on "The New Moral Drift in French Literature," in which he says, apropos of Maupassant:—

"In examining from this point of view the entire works of certain writers, one can trace easily the progress of the evolution. In no case has it been more marked than in that of the favorite pupil of Gustave Flaubert, the laborious and unhappy Guy de Maupassant. The reader who compares the first books of this author, 'Une Vie,' for example, and 'Bel Ami,' with the later ones, 'Pierre et Jean,' 'Fort Comme la Mort,' and 'Notre Cœur,' will place his finger on the transformation of which I speak. To the dissection of sensation succeeds, little by little, the dissection of sentiment. Instead of painting simply instincts, the artist seeks to define traits. In a word, he perceives dimly this domain of the life of the soul, of which he seemed ignorant, of which he was ignorant, at the period of his first attempts. He has not ceased to be a positivist, and his observation still limits itself to stating facts in the manner of a scientist who classifies phenomena without interpreting them. But it is already clear that he suffers from this attitude—and of this those who knew that great writer personally were well aware. During the year which preceded the last crisis of his malady, he was almost wholly absorbed with religious questions. No doubt whatever that if he had lived his fine talent would have been definitively modified in this sense, of spiritual and perhaps Christian life, a sense altogether unanticipated by the admirers of his first writings."

"The truth is, there is a logic which overpowers all preconceptions in the relation of reality and human intelligence. The literature of scientific observation was constrained to unfold into a psychological literature. It was impossible that this last should not encounter on its side the problems of moral life. In analyzing human sentiments from within instead of from without, we plunge by necessity into the mysteries of moral health and disease. We are forced to acknowledge that there are passions which destroy the soul, others that exalt it; that certain acts leave after them a trace of shadow, others a trace of light; that there are, in fine, laws of the inner life as there are laws of physical life, and that these laws all presuppose in us the notion of liberty and responsibility. In other words, the problem of sin appears, and once apparent may be no longer neglected. Abandoned to itself and in the simple process of

its normal development, contemporary French literature would inevitably have followed this route, and we should have witnessed sooner or later a renewal of moral preoccupations analogous to that visible to-day."

#### DR. BRIGGS ON DENOMINATIONALISM

From a long article on "The Alienation of Church and People," by Dr. Charles A. Briggs, we make this extract:—

"Denominationalism is the great sin and curse of the modern church. Denominationalism is responsible for the elaborate systems of belief which are paraded as the banners of orthodoxy, and which by their contentions impair the teaching function of the Church and destroy the confidence of the people in its possession of the truth of God. Denominationalism is responsible for all those variations of church government and discipline, for all those historical tyrannies and wrongs, which have undermined the faith of the people in the divine authority of such imperious, self-complacent and mutually exclusive ecclesiastical institutions. Denominationalism is responsible for all that waste of men and means, all those unholy jealousies and frictions, all that absorption in external, formal and circumstantial things, which disturb the moral development of the individual and the ethical advancement of the community, and especially retard the great evangelistic and reformatory enterprises at home and abroad. Liberal men in all the denominations, holy men and women in all religious agencies, have set their minds and hearts upon the removal of these hindrances to the progress of the kingdom of God. The denominations have accomplished their historic task. There is no longer any sufficient reason for their continued existence. They should yield their life and their experience to a more comprehensive and more efficient church plan."

#### A DAILY UTOPIAN

Mr. Wm. Morton Payne of the Chicago *Dial* tells "What a Daily Newspaper might be Made":—

"The newspaper for which intelligent men are crying out will not be illustrated, except for a few cuts of diagrams, sketch-maps, and other necessary adjuncts to the text. The experiment of making daily picture-papers has been fairly tried, and it has proved a failure. The illustrations do not illustrate, and they are unsightly in the extreme. It is not probable that any satisfactory process of illustration will ever be adapted to the rapid methods of newspaper printing. The sensational headlines of the current newspapers, defiant of both taste and grammar, will depart with the pictures to the limbo wherein are to be gathered all the unhallowed devices of the barbarous age of journalism. The offensive type of interviewer will have to go, and he who violates the privacies of life in less frank and unblushing ways; and with them will go the jargon called 'reportorial' English—thus fitly styled in its own base dialect. The reporter, indeed, who writes for the reformed newspaper will be a scholar—which now he is not often—and a gentleman—which now he is frequently not permitted to be."

#### "The Cosmopolitan"

In *The Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Walter Besant begins printing a series of "American Notes" taken during his recent visit to this country. The first part of this instalment is devoted to the romance of the New World, but in the latter part he comes down to more practical and more contemporaneous things:—

"I take it that the very worst time in the history of the relations of the United States with this country was the first half of this century. There was very little intercourse between the countries; there were very few travellers; there was ignorance on both sides, with misunderstandings, wilful misrepresentations and deliberate exaggerations. Remember how Nathaniel Hawthorne speaks about the English people among whom he lived; read how Thoreau speaks of us when he visits Quebec. Is that time past? Hardly. Among the better class of Americans one seldom finds any trace of hatred to Great Britain. I think that, with the exception of Mr. W. D. Howells, I have never found any American gentleman who would manifest such a passion. But, as regards the lower class of Americans, it is reported that there still survives a meaningless, smouldering hostility. The going and the coming, to and fro, are increasing and multiplying; arbitration seems to be established as the best way of terminating international disputes; if the tone of the press is not always gracious, it is not often openly hostile: we may, perhaps, begin to hope, at last, that the future of the world will be secured for freedom by the confederation of all the English-speaking nations."

When he was a boy Mr. Besant drank freely at the fountain-heads of American literature. Irving, Cooper, Prescott, Emerson ("in parts," he says), Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Poe, "Lowell, Holmes, not to mention Thoreau, Herman Melville, Dana, certain



religious novelists" and many others whose names he does not recall, formed a tolerably large field of American reading for an English boy. "To him the country of the American writers became almost as well known as his own. One thing alone he could not read. When he came to the War of Independence, he closed the book and ordered his theatre to vanish. And, to this day, the events of that war are only partly known to him. No boy who is jealous for his country will read, except upon compulsion, the story of a war which was begun in stupidity, carried on with incompetence, and concluded with humiliation."

#### AN ALTRURIAN ON THE SITUATION IN AMERICA

Mr. Howells, in the rôle of the Altrurian traveller, writes on the present situation of affairs on this planet, which he does not regard hopefully:—

"Poverty is here upon the European terms, and luxury is here upon the European terms. There is no longer the American workingman as he once was; he still gets better wages than the European workingman, but his economic and social status is exactly the same. He has accepted the situation for the present, but what he intends to do about it hereafter, no man knows; he, least of all men, knows. The American plutocrat has accepted the situation even more frankly than the proletarian. He perceives distinctly that there is no American life for the very rich American, and when he does not go abroad to live, as he increasingly does, he lives at home upon the same terms and to the same effect that the Continental noble lives in Europe; for the English noble is usefurther to his country than the rich American. Of course the vast majority of Americans are of the middle class, and with them you can still find the old American life, the old American ideals, the old American principles; and if the old America is ever to prevail, it must be in their love and honor of it. I do not mean to say the American middle class are as a general thing consciously American, but it is valuable that they are even unconsciously so."

#### MR. HOWELLS'S PASSIONATE DISAPPOINTMENT

In reviewing the situation Mr. Howells feels anything but satisfied with the future:—

"My American sojourn," says this Altrurian, "has been a passionate disappointment from first to last: it has been a grief which I cannot express to you, for the people are at heart so noble, so generous, so magnanimous, so infinitely better than their conditions that my pity for them has been as great as my detestation of the terms on which they accept life. I cannot convey to you the pathos with which the spectacle of their contradictions fills me; I can only say that if I were an American with nothing but a competitive conception of life, as a warfare in which the strong must perpetually and even involuntarily oppress the weak, as a race in which the swift must seize every advantage of the slow, as a game in which the shrewd must outwit the simple, I would not accept life at all. But, of course, I speak as an Altrurian, and I warn you that an utter abhorrence of the situation would ignore a thousand things that are lovely and of good report. It would ignore the most heroic self-sacrifice, the most romantic martyrdom, the spectacle of unnumbered brave and good, who do not the less sublimely lay their hearts upon the altar, because they lay them futilely there."

"It is the exceptional character of what is generous and noble in the Americans, this accidental, this vicarious nature of their heroism and their martyrdom, that moves me to a pity for which there seems no relief but laughter. They pray as we do that God's will may be done here, and His kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven, but they reject both because, as they say, they are against human nature. They do this in spite of those instances of heavenly goodness among them, which they honor as much as we do, and admire even more, since these things are not so difficult with us as with them. They fancy that goodness, and gentleness, and unselfishness, would somehow lose their value if they were the rule and not the exception, that they would become cheap in becoming common."

Readers of this number of *The Cosmopolitan* will find some interesting autobiographical notes by the famous German portrait-painter, Franz von Lenbach; they will see, through the eyes of Mr. George Wharton Edwards, how the *bolero* is danced in Seville. They will learn how to "do" Mexico; they will know how crowned heads invited Gen. Adam Badeau when they desired his presence at their various functions; and they may (and will) accompany Mark Twain and Dan Beard into those frozen regions popularly spoken of as the "North Pole."

#### "The Review of Reviews"

With a timeliness that is of the daily journal *The Review of Reviews* lays before its readers a character sketch of his African Majesty, "Lobengula, king of the Matabele." This picturesque person is thus described:—

"Word-pictures, however, enable us to form a tolerably clear conception of Lobengula. He is now an enormously fat old man of sixty years of age. His height is not more than five feet eleven inches, but owing to his excessive stoutness he seems to be shorter than he is in reality. The descriptions of him recall a passage in Judges, which describes how Egion, the king of Moab, a very fat man, met his death by the dagger of Ehud. When Lobengula sits upon his biscuit-box receiving his visitors, he rests his hands upon his thighs, which are almost covered by the protuberant paunch. Notwithstanding his corpulence, he is, according to all observers, not an undignified monarch. He used to wear breeches and a dirty coat, but he has long since reverted to the more picturesque costume of his own people. When in full dress he wears a broad-brimmed black felt hat with a bunch of monkey skins round his waist and a sword by his side. Sometimes he variegates this by twisting some blue calico round his shoulders. When he danced—which was in his younger days, for he is now too fat and gouty for that exercise—he was dressed in monkey skins and black ostrich feathers."

An important article in this number is one on the "Possibilities of the Great Northwest," by Mr. S. A. Thompson, and another is by Dr. Emory R. Johnson, upon "Inland Waterways for the Northwest." Mr. Thompson, as Secretary of the Duluth Chamber of Commerce, has for several years been actively engaged, we are told, in searching out and applying effective means for bringing the great States northwest of the Upper Mississippi, and the great Canadian provinces belonging geographically to the same region, into closer communication with the rest of the North American continent. Dr. Johnson is Lecturer on Transportation in the Wharton School of Finance and Economics, University of Pennsylvania, and has recently published a monograph upon "Inland Waterways." These articles will be read with interest in both the East and the West.

#### To E. C. S.

(On reading "The Nature and Elements of Poetry")

OUR Critic-Poet! Who shall henceforth say  
That Poetry has fled—an unknown way?  
When Philistines declare the Muse is dead  
You point to skies all radiant overhead;  
And if 'tis needful, to convince some fool,  
Bring out the scales, the crucible, and rule!  
On pleasant terms the Scientist you meet;  
Mount up on wings instead of measuring feet;  
Show how the blood in poets' hearts doth spring  
And lilt so gladly they are bound to sing;  
Trace the great epic lines of Earth and Time  
And find the universe is writ in rhyme.  
Yet when you're through with arguing the case—  
When for the flower is wrought the precious vase—  
When we are schooled to know a perfect art,  
Grant us, once more, a song to thrill the heart!  
Then strike the harp, whose strings so fine and clear,  
Give us the final proof we love to hear;  
One noble verse shall prove the rabble wrong,  
And add new laurels to immortal Song.

C. H. C.

#### The Lounger

I AM GLAD to see that some of the ideas I have expressed on the subject of literature and the West are those of intelligent Westerners themselves. In *The Dial*, which is the representative literary journal of the West, I find this editorial statement:—"The coming literature of the West may be largely Western in its themes, but it will never be Western in its manner, as certain blatant rhetoricians would persuade us." This must be the opinion of all who are interested in American literature. Another writer in the same paper, Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, of Geneva, Ill., says:—"I would rather wait for our peculiar merits to reveal themselves to Eastern recognition and to the world's recognition than join in the ardent advance proclamation of voices that, despite their high and generous ring, betray a tone of self-interest." While she sympathizes with much of the "discontent over the kind of criticism the West suffers from the East," she is "sometimes more discouraged by

our friends' replies to these criticisms than by the critics themselves. Whatever wins here, it will not be the spirit of self-assertion." She is quite right. I, for one, have never been able to see any sense in sectional criticism. If a writer does good work anywhere in America, it is recognized from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. There was never any "condescension" in the way that Bret Harte's stories were received. They were at once accepted as good stories, and fame came to him as quickly as it would have come if he had done his work in Boston.

\* \* \*

NEITHER CRITICS NOR READERS care where the books come from, so long as they are worth reading, and I do not believe that any good Western literature has failed of recognition in the East. If Mr. Riley and Mr. Field have not so large an audience here as in the West, it is because the subject matter of their verse appeals more directly to Westerners. The pictures they call up are not always familiar to us, and yet I do not think that either of them lacks Eastern admirers. "Certain blatant rhetoricians" demand our admiration of everything that comes out of the West, but the more judicious writers do not. They do not ask any more of us in the way of admiration than they expect of their own intelligent critics, and I think it will be found that, as a rule, cultivated Easterners and cultivated Westerners have very much the same tastes in literature and art.

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T. S. WRITES TO ME:—"There is a curious mistake in Goldwin Smith's new book on the United States, which I have not seen pointed out by the reviewers. In the chapter devoted to the colonies, where he is speaking of Sir Edmund Andros's tyrannical governorship of New England, Prof. Smith says:—'To bring Rhode Island under his despotism, he went to Providence and demanded the surrender of the charter; but the discussion lasting into the night, the lights were suddenly put out and in the darkness the precious document disappeared and was hidden in an oak, which became sacred as the Charter Oak.' Alas, poor Hartford!"

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*Facts*, a journal edited at Boston by W. S. Bigelow, and published at Harrisburg, Pa., tells an anecdote of Edwin Booth. The story shows the advantage of a ready wit, for it gained the "freedom of the theatre" for an entire stranger:—"Walking along Chestnut Street (Boston) one day, my friend had observed Mr. Booth approaching. The walk was treacherous in icy places, and just at the moment when they should have passed the tragedian slipped, and was dexterously kept from falling by the other. As he recovered himself, Mr. Booth turned those marvellous eyes gravely upon my friend, and in a voice quite undisturbed said earnestly, but with characteristic elegance of phrase, 'I must have fallen, had it not been for you.' To this, with ready wit, the gentleman smilingly replied, 'I am not an actor, Mr. Booth, but am glad I could be your support on this occasion.'"

\* \* \*

WHEN I READ Mr. Harrison Robertson's story "How the Derby Was Won" in *Scribner's Magazine* some years ago, I thought of dropping a line to the author to tell him there was a play in his plot. I didn't do it, and nothing might have come of the suggestion, so far as he was concerned, if I had. In the meantime, Mr. Dazey has seen the opportunity and made the play. "In Old Kentucky" is its name, and it is being played at the Academy of Music. I do not mean to insinuate that Mr. Dazey took his plot from Mr. Robertson, for I believe that the incident of the girl who rode the race is a well-known Kentucky legend. The only wonder to me is that it was not used on the stage long ago. It is just the sort of thing that theatre-goers love—and, for that reason, managers also.

\* \* \*

THERE IS NO TELLING where fame is going to land one: I was making a modest purchase at a grocer's in Sixth Avenue, not many days ago, and as I waited for my change, my eyes roamed about the place. On one side of the entrance was a frame loaded with tin boxes with glass fronts, displaying a great variety of biscuits; on the other side was a show-case filled with cigars in boxes. On the open lid of one of these boxes was portrayed an elegant young man in high hat and Inverness coat, with (above and below him) the legend "The Van Bibber Cigar." They were small cigars, as might become that dainty young gentleman; of their quality I cannot speak, and I doubt if Mr. Davis could.

\* \* \*

I WAS ATTRACTED by the headline "An Infantile Musical Prodigy" in a Sunday paper, and read the story that followed. The "prodigy," to whom a column of small type was devoted, is four years old, and when the reporter called to interview him he alluded to the "stringency in financial affairs," and then was put

through his paces by his mother—"an excellent pianiste." As to the infant's repertoire, I must quote from the paper:—

"The first selection was 'Georgie,' which was sung and whistled about the streets of New York last spring, after having been popularized here by a female concert-hall singer. The baby sang the words without hesitation or mistake and followed the tune correctly. Then his mother played 'Mollie and I and the Baby,' 'Daisy Bell,' 'Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bow-wow,' 'Little Willie Knew a Thing or Two' and 'The Poor Little Girl Didn't Know.' As she changed from one tune to another the baby took up the key at once and made no mistakes either in the notes or the words of the song. But the repertoire of this infantile musical prodigy did not end there. The notes of the piano had scarcely died away when he begged his mother to play 'The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.' As with previous songs, he sang the words and music without an error, and followed it up with 'The Bowery,' 'This Little Pig Went to Market,' which Della Fox and De Wolf Hopper popularized; 'He Never Cares to Wander from His Own Fireside,' 'The Golden Wedding' and 'I Can't Resist You, Sir.'"

\* \* \*

THE ONLY SONG lacking from this *fin de siècle* repertoire is "After the Ball," but I dare say that its omission was due to the carelessness of the reporter. What a pitiable exhibition! To think of a child endowed with musical gifts being taught such utter rubbish.

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MR. J. M. BARRIE is added to the list of clever men who are said to have been dull boys. A school-fellow of his at Kirriemuir is credited with having said that he gave little promise in boyhood of achieving literary distinction. On one occasion he did indeed write a farce for the school's New Year's entertainment, but it was generally voted "poor stuff." In the classes, young Barrie was only an average boy, and he is remembered best as a member of the football team, his usefulness as a half-back being the more remarkable on account of his small stature. If history, or tradition, in these cases is to be relied upon, the parents of "average boys" are to be congratulated.

## London Letter

WITH THE NEW YEAR there is to be yet another magazine—one, moreover, devoted to matters theological. The object of *Goodwill* (so the periodical is to be named) is to "deliver the strong and simple Gospel of the Incarnation in its catholic fulness, and therefore to include within its scope the interests, anxieties, and inspirations of the laboring and the poor." One cannot, perhaps, gather much of the exact purport of the paper from this its official description, but we may reasonably expect something direct and energetic in its tendency. For *Goodwill* is very fortunate in its editor, the Rev. and Hon. J. G. Adderley, author of the little book "Stephen Ramax" which has been so widely read during the past summer. Mr. Adderley is, indeed, before all things energetic: the thing he conceives is always wont to be the thing he executes. His contemporaries at Oxford will not need reminding of the free, independent spirit with which he set himself to remodel the theatre there. Eight years ago the drama was in a very bad way at Oxford. In the first place, there was no theatre at all. Travelling companies paid occasional visits to the Town Hall; but the accommodation was very scanty, the place being but ill adapted for anything more pretentious than a concert. The consequence was that those undergraduates who wanted entertainment in the evening were perforce obliged to find such amusement as they could in two disreputable subterranean halls, named respectively "The Queen's" and "The Vic," where a sort of low music-hall show was conducted amid the free comment of the house—

"With doubtful dance and more than doubtful song,"

as an Oxford poet described it in the prologue which Mr. Arthur Bourchier recited at the opening of the New Oxford Theatre in February, 1886. The erection of that theatre, undertaken with the full approval of the University authorities, was largely due to Mr. Adderley's efforts, and from the day of its opening the attitude of the Proctors to the drama was reformed, not indifferently, but altogether. Instead of waiting with his bull-dogs at the entrance, as he used to do before the "Vic," the Proctor considerably kept away from the theatre precincts at the closing hour, and, during the whole time I was an undergraduate, I never heard of a man being proctorized on his way home from the theatre. A much more wholesome and generous appreciation of the necessity for entertainment obtained throughout the whole University, and when Mr. Adderley made his last appearance as an amateur, just before taking Holy Orders, playing in a dialogue with Mr. Arthur Bourchier and made up to resemble Mr. Gladstone, he must have felt no little satisfaction, I think, to see the house full of "dons," their wives and daughters, and to remember that this sociable state of things was the fruit of his own energy.



But I have strayed a long way from Mr. Adderley's new magazine. Let me briefly add, then, that he is to be assisted by the Rev. Charles Gore, well-known as the Principal of Pusey House, and one of the most conspicuous contributors to *Lux Mundi*; by Miss Clementina Black, "Edna Lyall," Mrs. Henry Kingsley and the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, Rector of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, whither so many church-goers are attracted Sunday by Sunday (though the building is in the heart of the City, in the centre of business and in a district far removed from the residential neighborhood of London), by the eloquence and unconventional vigor of his preaching. *Goodwill* starts full of promise, and its cost is to be no more than a penny.

There have been for a long time rumors and corrections with reference to Miss Olive Schreiner's new book, the manuscript of which she brought with her on her recent visit to England, and on Monday next these questionings will be satisfied by the publication of the work, under the title of "Dream Life and Real Life." It is said that the book consists of three stories, the first ("Juanita") being somewhat akin to her popular "Story of an African Farm," while the last treats of the position of the literary woman in the world of to-day. Miss Schreiner has a very wide following; and the first edition, it is reported, has already been subscribed for.

Another book, African indeed, but of a very different character, is to be issued on the same day in the shape of a volume of stories by Mr. Henry M. Stanley. To be more correct, the explorer has written these legends down for English readers, but they were, in the first place, told to him by several of his "Dark Companions," the period of their recital extending over the last eighteen years. What a stir such a book would have made three years ago! But now, I fancy, the rage has died out. The literature that clustered round the Dark Continent was, in its day, just a little too ample, and the reading public does not take long to get surfeited. Still, a book of traveller's tales has always attractions, and this one ought to be especially exciting.

It is not often that one picks up a book by an unknown name and finds it especially attractive; reputations are made so fast in these days of voluminous publishing that it is a rare thing for a light to remain under a bushel. But an unexpected pleasure awaited me, the other day, when I opened a new novel by Mr. Percival Pickering, an author whose name is unfamiliar to me, and—in case it may be equally new to American readers—I venture to recommend to them "A Life Awry," the story in question. It is published by a young firm, Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Foster, and I am not aware whether any American edition has appeared; I think probably not. But the book is well worth acquiring. It has faults, of course: for one thing, Mr. Pickering has probably thought a little too much. The story is full of conversations on love and life, often very clever, but sometimes a little too much spun out. It suffers, too, from the introduction of an irrelevant ghost. But it is full of character, and is especially fortunate in its charming heroine, a cripple, who sacrifices her life to her love, and at last lets herself drift out to death rather than cast a shadow across her old lover's new happiness. The plot is on lines not unfamiliar, but the handling and the characterization are decidedly original, and the whole story is alive with thought. We shall hear of Mr. Percival Pickering again.

LONDON, 27 Oct., 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

### Boston Letter

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID in Boston about the death, last week, of Mr. James W. Yerrinton, the most noted stenographer of the city. But, aside from his professional career, there is a point in his life of special interest to literary people. Had it not been for Mr. Yerrinton's skilled pencil, the silvery speeches of Wendell Phillips might never have been preserved. Mr. Yerrinton was a great friend of the Abolitionist and took down in his note-book nearly every speech that Phillips made, regarding the work as a matter of love and admiration for the author of those burning words. When, therefore, it was suggested that the speeches be published, Mr. Yerrinton's note-book was called into service. In a letter to the publishers Mr. Phillips paid a glowing tribute to the friend who had assisted in the work. Mr. Yerrinton was also a warm friend of William Lloyd Garrison. The son of the Abolitionist says of the stenographer now passed away:—"A modest and unassuming man, pursuing quietly and assiduously his chosen vocation, few would gather from the fact that for years he was not only the storm-centre of the anti-slavery conflict, but was himself an invaluable aid to the cause." Mr. Yerrinton worked on *The Liberator* and *Anti-Slavery Standard* in 1858. The first speech he ever reported was one by Wendell Phillips. As official court stenographer Mr. Yerrinton was known to thousands; in addition he was known to many friends as a gentleman well versed in modern classical literature.

So much has been said recently in *The Critic* and elsewhere about Robert Louis Stevenson that I think it will be interesting to quote here a part of a letter which the novelist wrote to one of the secretaries of the Society for Psychical Research. Mr. W. B. Cohen informs me that while hunting for the material for a special article on the recent work of this Society, he found the letter I mention. It is a long description of curious mental impressions, one might even say hallucinations, that once came to Mr. Stevenson. "I had infamous bad health," he writes, "when I was a child, and suffered much from night fears: but from the age of about thirteen until I was past thirty, I did not know what it was to have a high fever or to wander in my mind. So that these experiences, when they were renewed, came upon me with entire freshness; and either I am a peculiar subject, or I was thus enabled to observe them with unusual closeness." In one of these experiences, while lying awake through the night in extreme pain, he formed the idea that this pain was connected with a wisp or coil of some sort, and that it could be stopped if the two ends of the coil were brought together. While one part of his mind held this idea, another part (which he thinks was his own self) was fully alive to the absurdity of the idea and was engaged in a constant conflict with that other part or other self. "Myself had nothing more at heart than to keep from my wife, who was nursing me, any hint of this ridiculous hallucination," he writes; "the other was bound that she should be told of it and ordered to effect the cure. I believe it must have been well on in the morning before the fever (or the other fellow) triumphed, and I called my wife to my bedside, seized her savagely by the wrist, and looking on her with a face of fury, cried:—'Why do you not put the two ends together and put me out of pain?'" Mr. Stevenson writes that in this case he had an absolute knowledge that he was out of his mind and that there was no meaning in his words. These were the very facts that he was anxious to conceal; and yet when he succumbed to the temptation of speaking, his face was convulsed with anger and he wrung his watcher's wrist with cruelty. Here was unnatural and uncharacteristic action flowing from an idea in which he had no belief and which he had been concealing for hours as a plain mark of aberration. It was "himself" who spoke and acted. "The other fellow" had no control over the body and tongue and could only act through the real self on whom he brought to bear a heavy strain. In one case, which Mr. Stevenson mentions, he resisted "the other fellow" triumphantly, but in two other cases was overcome.

In the Art Museum to-day are to be placed the famous Theodor Graf mummy portraits which were displayed at the World's Fair. The collection numbers nearly one hundred pieces, and the value of the portraits is said to range from \$200 to \$20,000 apiece. They are painted life-size upon thin wooden panels, and were attached to the Egyptian mummy-cases unearthed a little time ago in the Nile district. It is said that the panel was so placed as to be directly over the face of the body and was so wrapped as to leave the portrait alone visible, the lids of the boxes being arranged so that they could be thrown back and reveal the painting to friends who wished to view the face. It is supposed that the pictures represent members of the higher classes, as jewels are shown in abundance on the women, while many of the men wear golden laurel-leaves. The time of the portraits is supposed to be the second century before the Christian era.

In the architectural building in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is exhibited the collection of drawings of the late George Snell, the distinguished architect. The sketches, together with a number of casts of mediæval architectural work, were bequeathed to the Institute and will be permanently incorporated in its collections.

In a few days one of the European steamers will be bearing across the water the first memorial of Keats to be placed in England. This is a portrait bust by Miss Anne Whitney. At present the memorial is on exhibition at the rooms of Mr. J. Eastman Chase, in this city. It is to be placed in London, in the Parish Church at Hampstead, where Keats met Fanny Brawne, where he wrote the "Ode to the Nightingale" and where he made his last English home. The memorial is given by Americans, the leaders in the movement including Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Richard Watson Gilder, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Mrs. Annie Fields, T. B. Aldrich and Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. In the church the memorial will be placed on a bracket designed by Will H. Low.

BOSTON, 7 Nov., 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### Chicago Letter

LIKE ALL VIGOROUS, optimistic cities, Chicago is occasionally at the mercy of her own enthusiasm; her fancies become fads, her whims are carried out sometimes to the point of drollery. A new sensation is a delight to her, a new idea an inspiration. The strange must be made familiar before she is satisfied; a novel suggestion is

followed out in all its ramifications, curiosity carrying her to extremes, almost to fanaticism at times. But when it is satisfied she settles back to her old intellectual plane, having learned her lesson and gained in experience what she may have lost in dignity. Still the resulting increase in breadth and sympathy is often more than worth the sacrifice, and the latest of our fancies, though it strikes at the root of things with us, may prove in this way beneficial. It was an outgrowth of the Parliament of Religions, which opened our eyes to the fact that the philosophy of the ancient creeds contains much beauty for the moderns. When we had once clearly perceived this, our interest in their exponents quickened, and with characteristic eagerness we set out in pursuit of knowledge. The most available means of obtaining it, after the close of the Parliament, was through the addresses and lectures of Suami Vivekananda, who is still in the city. His original purpose in coming to this country was to interest Americans in the starting of new industries among the Hindoos, but he has abandoned this for the present, because he finds that, as "the Americans are the most charitable people in the world," every man with a purpose comes here for assistance in carrying it out. When asked about the relative condition of the poor here and in India, he replied that our poor would be princes there, and that he had been taken through the worst quarter of the city only to find it, from the standpoint of his knowledge, comfortable and even pleasant.

A Brahmin of the Brahmins, Vivekananda gave up his rank to join the brotherhood of monks, where all pride of caste is voluntarily relinquished. And yet he bears the mark of race upon his person. His culture, his eloquence, and his fascinating personality have given us a new idea of Hindoo civilization. He is an interesting figure, his fine, intelligent, mobile face in its setting of yellows, and his deep, musical voice prepossessing one at once in his favor. So it is not strange that he has been taken up by the literary clubs, has preached and lectured in churches, until the life of Buddha and the doctrines of his faith have grown familiar to us. He speaks without notes, presenting his facts and his conclusions with the greatest art, the most convincing sincerity; and rising at times to a rich, inspiring eloquence. As learned and cultivated, apparently, as the most accomplished Jesuit, he has also something Jesuitical in the character of his mind; but though the little sarcasms thrown into his discourses are as keen as a rapier, they are so delicate as to be lost on many of his hearers. Nevertheless his courtesy is unflinching, for these thrusts are never pointed so directly at our customs as to be rude. At present he contents himself with enlightening us in regard to his religion and the words of its philosophers. He looks forward to the time when we shall pass beyond idolatry—now necessary in his opinion to the ignorant classes,—beyond worship, even, to a knowledge of the presence of God in nature, of the divinity and responsibility of man. "Work out your own salvation," he says with the dying Buddha; "I cannot help you. No man can help you. Help yourself."

Indianapolis has the honor of issuing the only creditable magazine devoted to the fine arts in the West, and since the failure of *The Art Review*, even New York cannot rival it. It is a quarterly called *Modern Art*, edited and published by J. M. Bowles, and sumptuously printed on hand-made paper. Unusual taste is displayed in its make-up and in the manner of inserting the marginalia and decorative drawings. The latter, including the head and tail pieces, are charmingly artistic in the autumn number, which was recently issued. It is illustrated also with a photogravure of Fortuny's brilliant "Arquebusier" in W. H. Stewart's collection; a woodcut after Meryon's etching, "The Monster of Notre Dame"; a reproduction of the portrait of himself painted by Bonnat and presented to Mr. Walters of Baltimore; a decorative design by R. B. Gruelle, inspired by Barye's bronzes; and a curious, morbid, powerful drawing by Aubrey Beardsley, in illustration of Oscar Wilde's "Salomé." The letter-press is also interesting in spite of a certain scrappiness; it contains among other things a well-written article on gargoyles, some discriminating comments on the loan collection and other exhibits at the Fair, and interesting notes upon Fortuny, of whom no less a man than Henri Regnault said, "He is master of us all." An index of the art magazines and of articles bearing upon art in other periodicals is another important feature; and it is followed by a list of recent art books. Altogether the magazine richly deserves success. The only misfortune is that it is not published in Chicago.

The Charles H. Sergel Company has just published "Dodo," a novel by E. F. Benson, which has met with great success in England. The heroine is a most unconventional young woman, who talks nothing but slang and bad grammar, and though she is repeatedly described as clever, fails to live up to her reputation in a single remark; one who commits the most alarming indiscretions, and is without heart and without honor; and yet withal we are asked to believe that she is irresistibly fascinating. But far from this, we cannot even believe in the reality of her existence. Never-

theless the book is decidedly breezy, there is much ingenuity in the plot, and it is served up with cleverness; but it is not a cleverness that will appeal to the cultivated.

Kenneth Grahame is a new name on this side of the water, but the fact that he is one of Henley's assistants on *The National Observer* prepossesses one in his favor. A volume of his essays will soon be published by Stone & Kimball of this city in conjunction with those rarely courageous London publishers, Elkin Mathews & John Lane. The Chicago firm is entering the same field as the English one, and there is a certain charming quaintness in the rich simplicity of the dress of the books it issues. Mr. Grahame's volume will appear early in December under the attractive title of "Pagan Papers." Besides the essays, the book contains a collection of little stories of childhood, grouped under the name of "The Golden Age." The printing was done by T. and A. Constable of Edinburgh, which insures its excellence, and the title-page was designed by that clever young English decorator, to whom I have already referred in this letter, Aubrey Beardsley.

The Society of American Artists has honored itself by inviting the Swedish Commissioner of Fine Arts to exhibit the collection shown at the Fair as a whole in the Society's galleries in New York. Mr. Zorn values highly this compliment from his "brother brushes," and the Swedish pictures, together with some of those from Norway, are now being packed for transmission. This should be welcome news in New York, for the Swedish collection, as I wrote some months ago, is a genuine sensation.

CHICAGO, 7 November, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

## Femininity in Literature

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

A literary oracle in one of our leading magazines pleads with women who write that they preserve and cultivate the note of femininity, which he fears is on the wane. So indefinable is this quality that he can only liken it to the charm of a beautiful woman, and he ventures to give no other example of it than the letters of Madame de Sévigné. It might be wished that the oracle had been more explicit, and had prescribed with the counsel he means for its adoption. Each woman would be beautiful if she could. Every writer would charm her readers if she might, even by the cultivation of a quality which cannot be defined.

But is it a gift that can be cultivated, or one that comes by nature? Could Madame de Sévigné have written her letters to order, in the expectation of furnishing literary models for future generations of women? The individual must be considered, rather than the class. Charles Lamb attracts and warms our hearts. Thomas Hardy does not, though we much admire him. Would the latter, if urged to it, cultivate the blended mirth and melancholy of the gentle essayist's charming style?

The fact is that a woman, in these days, has cause to grow weary of advice. Every detail of her housekeeping, her dress and deportment is made the subject of the domestic lawgiver's attention. The columns of the newspapers and home journals contain a code of exigent commands more multitudinous than the laws of Solon. Now her art must be supervised, if ever so courteously, and with the added excuse by which the telling editorial paragraph justifies its existence, whatever its subject matter.

One is tempted to iconoclastic revolt. Madame de Sévigné is a much overestimated standard of excellence. She laughed, not at vice, but with vice in the person of an incorrigible son, whose escapades furnished her as much amusement as did the *bons mots* of Ninon de Lenclos. Her affection for her daughter was admirable but hysterical. Her love of gossip was a note of femininity not incapable of definition.

We are not in an age which looks to the time of Louis the Fourteenth for its literary models, nor will women consent to be relegated there. Let the realists bear the blame for the prevailing temper in art which makes such a step backward an impossibility. Women have learned that they must share the rough and stony paths of literature with men, whether the companionship which outstrips them from the start is a help or a hindrance.

Most often it is the latter. Hardy denies to them a sufficient vocabulary in which to express themselves; a lack which, if it really existed, would prove serious to a writer. Forgetting that a woman has taught the future great man his earliest words lisped at her knee, and contradicting the idea of woman's fluent tongue, Hardy declares (and he makes a woman say it, in a chapter headed "Bathsheba Talks with her Outrider") that, in the language which men have constructed, there have been incorporated on words to define some of the most common emotions of a woman's heart.

We must write in a feminine style, and our fiction must be without emotion. When will the woman arise who can do these things



right? Will she prove to be the long-expected great American novelist?

WATERBURY, CONN.

CONSTANCE GODDARD DUBOIS.

## The Drama

### "The Return of Irving and Terry"

MR. IRVING and Miss Terry appeared in Tennyson's "Becket," at Abbey's New Theatre, on Wednesday night—too late in the week, we regret to say, for an adequate criticism of the perform-



HENRY IRVING AS BECKET.

ance in this issue of *The Critic*. We give, however, portraits of Mr. Irving as Becket and Miss Terry as Rosamund, and next week we shall publish a suitable notice of the play, which has proved one of the most successful in Mr. Irving's repertoire.



ELLEN TERRY AS ROSAMUND.

It is some years since the late Laureate's drama was originally published, and certain changes have been made in transferring it to the stage. The theme of the play, to quote from a recent pamphlet, "is the struggle between Becket and Henry II.—a duel of two striking personalities, which gives a vividly human interest to the historic battle for supremacy between the Crown and the

Church. Through this tangle of conflicting interests runs the romance of Rosamund like the thread of yellow silk which marks the secret path through the woods to her Bower."

### "The Councillor's Wife"

"THE COUNCILLOR'S WIFE," the three-act comedy by Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts, which had a single trial performance in this city, some months ago, and is now on the regular bill at the Empire Theatre, is far superior to most pieces of its class, by virtue of its admirable literary qualities, its neat construction, its genuine humor and its simple pathos. Its theme is similar to that of "Auld Robin Gray," the heroine deliberately rejecting the young lover whom she adores, and accepting the elderly lover whom she respects—for the sake, not of her old father and mother, but of her only brother, a struggling young medical student, who has no money wherewith to support himself while he pursues his studies. Mingled with their fortunes are a County Councillor, a professional swindler and philanthropist of the Jabez Balfour type; the two wives whom he has deceived, an ambitious young novelist of the modern realistic school, and other subordinate personages. In the end the old lover sets every thing straight by an act of noble self-sacrifice, and the hypocritical Councillor is unmasked and disgraced.

In the story there is little or nothing that is new, and the types of character presented are perfectly familiar to the theatre; but a delightful freshness is given to old acquaintances and incidents by the fine simplicity, finish and spontaneous humor of the dialogue, the naturalness of most of the situations and the clever character-drawing. The whole of the first act is delightful and is written in the true vein of light comedy, with touches of humor and pathos adroitly blended. The second is more farcical and less valuable, but exceedingly amusing, while the third contains two or three scenes of uncommon merit. The acting is generally excellent, although several of the principal performers—especially Mr. Miller and Miss Allen—spoil the effect of some of the best sentimental passages by their monotonous delivery. Mr. Barrows's sketch of the swindling Councillor is broadly comic. Mr. Compton is particularly good as the elderly lover, and Odette Tyler, Cyril Scott and Agnes Miller acquit themselves in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. The success of the presentation was as marked as it was deserved.

## The Fine Arts

### The Etchings of Anders L. Zorn

A COMPLETE COLLECTION of the etchings of Mr. Anders L. Zorn and a few oil-paintings by him, not before exhibited, are shown at Keppel's gallery, together with a collection of *ex libris*, engravings and etchings by Mr. William Sherborn, of London. The best of Mr. Zorn's etchings is the striking portrait of Renan in his study, of which *The Century* some time ago published a reduction, which was reprinted in these columns. In this his great strength as an impressionist is most apparent. Of the paintings, two are delightful open-air studies of bathers, one a sketch of Lake Michigan and one a portrait of a lady in white, remarkable for the freedom of its brush-work. Among the etchings will be found excellent portraits of Mr. Marquand and of the artist and his wife.

Mr. Sherborn as an engraver is evidently a diligent student of the old German masters. Portraits of Pope Pius IX. and of John Phelps of Putney, an old Thames boatman, are among his best works. The latter in its finished state has excellent quality in the flesh parts. The book-plates, mainly heraldic, include those of the Duke of Westminster, Gen. Wolseley, the Duchess of Portland, Rhoda Broughton the novelist, Mr. Samuel P. Avery and other titled or otherwise distinguished people.

### Art Notes

MR. JOHN LA FARGE will give the first of his course of six lectures to his advanced class in painting, at 11 o'clock this morning, in the Metropolitan Museum. This lecture will be of an introductory character, indicating in broad lines the difficulties of the artist, the periods through which he passes and why a real work of art is permanent. The first three lectures will be given on Saturday mornings in November, the others at three o'clock on the afternoons of Dec. 1, 8 and 15. Admission is free.

—*The Photographic Times* will have a special Christmas number, containing 36 pages of original articles and more than 50 half-tone illustrations.

—A little book by Alexander Black that will be of interest to those who recall his entertaining lecture on "Ourselves as Others See Us," as well as to anyone attempting amateur photography, will be issued this month by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is called "Photography Indoors and Out" and will contain many illustrations and valuable hints.

—*The Art Student* enters upon its second year with the number for November, with pages enlarged.

### Notes

MR. GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM is preparing for the press a "Sketch of the History of Literary Property from the Invention of Printing to the Berne Convention." A volume introductory to this, entitled "Authors and the Public in Ancient Times," will appear during the fall.

—The Century Co. will issue "The Century World's Fair Book for Boys and Girls" on Nov. 15. This is the story of two bright boys who went to the Fair and saw it all, told by Tudor Jenks. It contains more than 250 illustrations, including instantaneous photographs, and Castaigne's pictures from *The Century*.

—Macmillan & Co. will publish immediately a book by Prof. Goldwin Smith on the following topics:—"Social and Industrial Revolution," "The Political Crisis in England," "Woman Suffrage," "The Jewish Question," "The Irish Question" and "Temperance versus Prohibition"; also a translation of the "Divina Commedia," by George Musgrave; and—in the Dollar Novel series—"The Delectable Duchy" and some tales of East Cornwall by "Q," author of "Dead Man's Rock," etc.

—The "Life of Dean Stanley," which has been in process of compilation for twelve years, is to be published this winter.

—Hunt & Eaton have in press a volume bearing the title "Anti-Higher Criticism," compiled and edited by Dr. L. W. Munhall. The opening chapter is by Dr. Howard Osgood, and the following chapters by Dr. W. Henry Green, Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, Dr. George S. Bishop, Dr. Luther T. Townsend and other theologians of note.

—Thomas Nelson Page, the man best qualified to write an article on Virginia, has written such an article for the Christmas *Harper's*. Its title is "The Old Dominion," and the illustrations are by C. S. Reinhart.

—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt made her appearance in Paris last Monday night, for the first time in four years. She played at the Renaissance Theatre, of which she is one of the managers, in a new drama called "Les Rois," from the pen of M. Jules Lemaitre, the dramatic critic of the *Journal des Débats*.

—Mr. Charles Barnard will give a "monologue matinée" at the Berkeley Lyceum, on Tuesday, Nov. 14. Three new "monologue comedies" will be presented, together with selections from the author's "character monologue sketch," "New York," the latter being spoken, in character, by Miss Adelaide Westcott.

—The Booth memorial exercises at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, under the auspices of The Players, are to be held, not on the 30th, but the 13th inst.—that is, Monday afternoon next.

—Good composers are too scarce to be spared from contemporaneous music, and it is therefore with great regret that we record the death of Peter Ilitsch Tchaikowsky, the famous Russian composer. Those who heard the New York Symphony Society's orchestra play under him, in 1891, will not soon forget the magical effect of his leadership upon that organization. Tchaikowsky was born among the Ural Mountains, and was fifty-three years old.

—The Independent Theatre, London, has produced, at the Opéra Comique, "A Question of Memory," by the two ladies, Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper (aunt and niece), who have written in collaboration much poetry and several plays, winning for the pseudonym of "Michael Field" an enviable reputation. The new play is in prose and is said to fall short of its predecessors.

—Mr. Howells tells Mr. John D. Barry that he has just begun work on a new novel, which will deal with the efforts of a playwright to have his play produced; and that he is engaged in revising a new play.

—Macmillan & Co. are to be the publishers of *The Psychological Review*, announced in our issue of Oct. 28. The first number of this bi-monthly will be issued on Jan. 1. The editors, Prof. Baldwin (Princeton University) and Prof. Cattell (Columbia College), will have the co-operation of Prof. Binet (Sorbonne, Paris), Prof. Dewey (University of Michigan), Prof. Donaldson (University of Chicago), Prof. Fullerton (University of Pennsylvania), Prof. James (Harvard), Prof. Ladd (Yale), Prof. Muensterberg (Harvard), Prof. Starr (College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York), Prof. Sully (University College, London) and Prof. Stumpf (University, Munich).

—Beginning with the December number, *Fetter's Southern Magazine* will be known as *The Southern Magazine*. Gen. Basil W. Duke continues as its editor-in-chief, with Mr. Opie Read as associate editor.

—*The British Weekly* records the fact that "another of our young literary men has entered the bonds of matrimony—Mr. Arthur Waugh." Mr. Waugh, the writer goes on to say, is a cousin of Mr. Edmund Gosse and is making his way as a well-informed and able literary critic. He has written the best biography of Tennyson which has yet appeared; is the London correspondent of the *New York Critic*, and contributes a pleasant column of literary gossip to the *Sun* (London). Mr. Waugh is also a contributor to *The Academy* and other publications.

—The Philharmonic Club of New York will give the second concert for 1893-94 of the Brooklyn Institute, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 15, in Association Hall. The program will include solos by Miss Marion S. Weed and explanatory notes by Mr. W. J. Henderson.

—The Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore on Nov. 2 decorated with flowers the graves of the poets Poe, Lanier and Francis Scott Key, the sculptor William H. Rinehart and the novelist John P. Kennedy.

—A noteworthy addition to the increasing mass of genealogical literature issued in this country is the "Genealogy of the Cutts Family in America," a painstaking compilation by C. H. C. Howard, published by Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany. It embraces numerous allied families; and a quadruple index forms the key to this storehouse of information regarding the genealogies of various families of historical note. The portraits include very interesting ones of James Russell Lowell and B. P. Shillaber, and among the biographical sketches there is one of Shillaber, and one of Mrs. Anna Holyoke Cutts Howard, the mother of the author of the book.

—It has been suggested that the next meeting of the National Educational Association, in July, 1894, be held in the city of Duluth, which has excellent school-buildings and many natural advantages.

—Prof. J. F. Johnson, who is conducting a Department of Journalism in the University of Pennsylvania, wishes "to say distinctly that this course will not turn out journalists, but men fit to enter the profession as intelligent beginners." It augurs well for the success of this course that Prof. Johnson takes so modest a view of his vocation.

—By the death of Horace A. Moses, of Chestnut Hill, Penn., a bequest of over \$100,000 passes to the Mickoe Israel Congregation of Philadelphia, to perpetuate the memory of the late Rebecca Gratz. The money was left in trust by Hyman Gratz, her brother. Rebecca Gratz lived to the age of ninety years in Philadelphia; she was famed for her beauty and charitable deeds, and is said to have been the original of Scott's Rebecca in "Ivanhoe," the novelist having heard of the beauty of her person and life from Irving, who had met her in Philadelphia.

—The Life and Letters of the late Mrs. Lucy Stone will be compiled by her daughter, Alice Stone Blackwell, who requests the loan, for copying, of any characteristic letters of her mother. Miss Blackwell's address is Dorchester, Mass.

—"A First Book in Old English," by Prof. Albert S. Cook of Yale, is announced by Ginn & Co.

—Mr. Hall Caine, author of "The Scapegoat" and other popular novels, has written a Life of Christ, not from "the point of fact," but from the "point of imaginative insight." He regards his attempt as a daring one and for that reason is in no hurry to publish the book.

—George MacDonald, the preacher-novelist, has returned from England to his home in Italy.

—"From Man to Man" is the name of Olive Schreiner's forthcoming novel, and it is said to deal not so much with man's inhumanity to man as with man's inhumanity to woman.

—It is now declared that Sarah Grand is not the author of "A Superfluous Woman." The book is to be published by Mme. Grand's publishers, Heinemann in London and Cassell in New York, and deals with certain vital subjects that are dealt with in "The Heavenly Twins."

—The Cassell Publishing Co. have leased the third floor and part of the ninth in the Jackson Building, 31 East Seventeenth Street, Union Square.

—Mr. Arthur Stedman writes to *The Dial* that "Mrs. Lucy Gibbons Morse, whose novel of anti-slavery times in New York is soon to be published by Messrs. Houghton, besides being a granddaughter of Isaac T. Hopper, the Quaker philanthropist, is the daughter of the late James Sloan Gibbons, who wrote the popular war lyric, 'We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,' and the wife of Mr. James Herbert Morse, a well-known litterateur and educator of this city." The latter, we may add, has been a valued contributor to *The Critic* since its foundation.



—The novel "Dodo," by E. F. Benson, mention of which is made in our Chicago Letter this week, is published in New York by D. Appleton & Co.

—"The latest anecdote about 'Bill Nye,'" says an English exchange, "is that, wishing to make 'copy' out of that wonderful creature, the English gentleman's gentleman, he hired one, and treated him as a guest, taking him about everywhere with him, except to the clubs and private houses to which he was invited. We look forward with interest to reading Mr. Nye's impressions of 'James'."

—The heirs of the elder Dumas still have an income of about \$7000 a year from the sale of his novels. Of his many books the most popular are "The Three Musketeers" and "Monte Cristo."

—Among the holiday books announced by Harper & Bros. are "The Masters and Masterpieces of Engraving," by Willis O. Chapin, and a new edition, in two volumes, of Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," illustrated by William Martin Johnson.

—Mr. Poultney Bigelow will read before the New York Historical Society, in February, a paper on the struggle for liberty and unity in Germany, during the time of the first Napoleon.

—Life is publishing a series of brief dialogues entitled "Overheard in Arcady," by "Droch" (Robert Bridges). In each of these dialogues several of the best-known characters created by the novelist discuss their creator's work from different points of view. The series, when completed, will include such discussions of the works of Howells, James, Stevenson, Meredith, Stockton, Kipling and others; with illustrations by Sterner, Herford and Attwood. In the number dated Nov. 9 there is a lively criticism of Richard Harding Davis by Van Bibber, Miss Cuyler and "The Other Woman."

—Estes & Lauriat have issued for the holiday season "Zig Zag Journeys on the Mediterranean"—a new volume in a popular series.

## The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

### QUESTIONS

1729.—What is the origin of the phrase "book and bell," meaning the marriage-service, as in Christina Rossetti's poem, "Love From the North," "He made me fast with book and bell"? Does it refer to the ringing of the bell in the Roman Catholic service of the mass? And what other instances of its use can be given?

BIRMINGHAM, CONN.

J. DE F. S.

["Bell, book and candle." Lockhart's "Don Quixote," Chap. IV.

"And each Saint Clair was buried there  
With candle, with book, and with knell."

—Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."]

## Publications Received

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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Across France in a Caravan. \$1.50.                                                     | A. D. F. Randolph & Co.               |
| Adams, H. A. The Larger Life. \$1.                                                      | J. S. Tait & Sons.                    |
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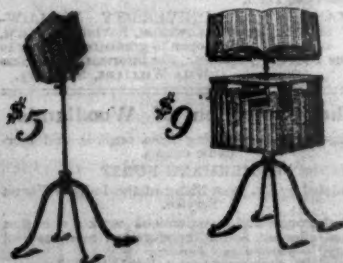
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